

The Queen **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



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**HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN**

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ORDERLY ROOM

By... MARY CARN

As the way home he planned to say it to Yolande. He would come in, put his kit-bag carefully away in the hall cupboard, hang his cap on the first of the row of hooks, wipe his feet on the mat, and go in and find her in the studio. As likely as not she would be working behind the largest easel or the most enormous drawing-board he had ever seen, and he would have to pick his way over the clutter on the floor to get to her.

Then he would say, after an affectionate greeting: "Yolande."

"Yes, sweet," she would say, resting serenely in his arms.

"Darling, could you bear it—if we tidied the flat?"

She would say, puzzled: "But, darling, is it untidy?"

Then he would confess. He would say: "Last time I came home it sort of worried me—you see, sweet, the Army makes you much more orderly minded. You like to see things in pigeon-holes, labelled with their names, and always in the same spot. You take a pride in it—it's silly, but there it is. And I'd really like to tidy up all this and find out what's our own, and what we've borrowed, and what is salvage and what isn't—and then—"

Here his imagination boggled. For what he really wanted to say, bluntly, was: "And then perhaps you'll try to keep it tidy. You're still the sweetest thing in the world, but you're the most slovenly, careless, undomesticated hussy, and I've got past enjoying putting up with it."

He pulled himself up short for a moment. When he went into the Army he hadn't been any tidier himself, of course. He'd always hung his hat on the floor and draped his coat from the picture rail. He had dined off the dressing-table and been unperturbed at finding the tea things on his bed.

It had never mattered then; life was too full of work at odd hours, parties and week-ends; rehearsals when he had written that play; afternoons in film studios; well, a bit

of disorderliness in the home had been practically imperceptible.

It had taken quite a lot of Army life to get the mania for tidiness into his system. But gradually the toll of his sergeants, the eloquent profanity of his corporals, the pained looks of his officers, and quite a large helping of C.B. had turned Hugh Manfred Warrington, freelance journalist, into a passable gunner. He began to enjoy the smoothness of organisation and the fascination of complete order.

In the flush of this new emotion had come his previous seven days' leave. The complete chaos of the studio had come as a big shock to him—he had never before realised what utter muddle comprised the Warrington household.

He had kept silent then, lacking the essential courage to start criticising when Yolande was so happy at his return. But every time he looked round the studio living-room he winced, and was determined that next leave he would be stouter. One never knew—the war might end any day, and he would have to go back to live in sordid clutter for years unless he did something about it.

He looked gloomily out of the railway carriage window. It was going to be horribly difficult telling Yolande. All very well to make up conversations, and picture her yielding and apologetic and willing to try to change. She could be very pliable and loving, but not on all subjects.

Some matters were close to her heart and her attitude toward them was unchangeable—for all he knew the untidiness of the flat was the only thing about it she really liked.

He wondered if he could explain how the mess almost physically offended him.

Once it would have meant nothing to find butter in the inkwell, but now he felt he might never want to eat butter again unless it came properly from a butter dish. It hadn't mattered before when one had to turn half a dozen shoes, a book, a writing-pad, a hair-brush, and some undarned stockings from a chair before sitting in it—now he knew that it would make him want

to go out and get a room in a boarding-house.

It was a petty worry really, but his mind insisted that it was important. It nagged at him till he got up from his corner seat and went into the corridor, to lean moodily on the rail until London loomed up grey and unwelcoming, and the platforms slid slowly still.

He took a taxi home, half-elated by the anticipation of his wife's welcome. He was a day early, and she wouldn't be expecting him. Always before, when his arrival had been a surprise, she had been surpassingly adorable. So much harder for him to grumble straight away about silly domestic matters.

He took out of his pocket her last letter and scanned it again. A phrase caught his eye, and he folded it back into his wallet not quite so pleased with himself. She might, of course, be going to the civil defence post. She had taken up this voluntary work in addition to her compulsory fire watching, as she felt that her reserved job was not enough. Doubtless she would be getting in as many hours on duty as possible before he came back—sure as eggs she would be away from home.

Disappointed, he paid off the taxi-man and trudged slowly upstairs to the flat. As he went higher he became more and more sure that she wasn't there, and he waited on the second landing to light a cigarette.

As he stood, match in hand, there was a flurry of footsteps on the stairs and she came up two at a time.

"Darling," she said, and for a moment nothing else mattered. Then she picked up his kit-bag.

"Come on up," she said, and there was a slight hesitation in her voice. "I've been down to the post doing some clerical work to get ahead for your leave. I didn't realise you'd be back so soon, bless you."

He took the kit-bag from her, and they climbed the stairs together. He was conscious of her restraint and of a kind of uncertainty. She stopped at their front door and said in a rush:

"Darling—before you go in—don't mind it, will you? I'm afraid the

flat's a bit peculiar—I was going to put it all back to-morrow—"

"It can't be any more peculiar than it used to be," said Hugh dryly. He opened the door, reflecting that if Yolande knew it was peculiar it must indeed be a horrible spectacle.

He looked into a completely unfamiliar studio. The floor was clear, polished, and empty, save for the drawing-board which stood under the great north light. A couple of objects, which he dimly remembered as so hung about with oddments that he had never realised either their shape or color, stood revealed as square armchairs. On the long mahogany table stood a single bowl of flowers.

NOT a trace of muddle, not a hint of disorder, not a fraction of mess or chaos—stark neatness ruled. Feeling weak and somehow as if he had been hurt, he sank into one of the armchairs, and dropped his cap on the floor. Yolande said: "I'm sorry, darling—I didn't mean it to be so bare—I was going to put some of the old things back before you came. But it's the civil defence people—they're so awfully tidy and neat and they made me feel as if I was living in a pigsty. So I just set to and turned everything out—and, oh, darling—I'm so sorry—I hoped you might not mind—"

"I don't mind, sweet," said Hugh subduedly. He looked again at the bareness, the shining vista of polished table which had always before been invisible. Could it be that he was homesick for the chaos? He would have hated living in it, but it would have been somehow satisfactory to see it all again just once.

"And, darling," Yolande's apologetic voice was saying, "now that you have seen it—and you don't mind—do you think you could help me to keep it tidy? You're the sweetest thing in the world, angel, but you are a bit of an old sloven, aren't you?"

She picked his cap up from the floor and took it out to hang it on the first hook in the hall. Hugh

"I'm afraid the flat's a bit peculiar," Yolande said hesitatingly.

got up from the armchair and went into the kitchen, the light of battle in his eyes. She came back in a moment and stood in the doorway watching him, a little alarmed.

"What are you doing, darling?" she asked at last.

"I'm all for order," said Hugh, "but one can overdo it. One must have some muddle in our flat, dearest—"

"But what on earth—?" said Yolande protestingly.

"I'm putting the butter in the inkwell," said Hugh firmly. "I couldn't enjoy it any other way."

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AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

"ITS QUALITY NEVER VARIES"

THE FLYING LAWN MOWER

By ...

BRUCE WEST



"The rules are really quite simple," said the wing-commander, eyeing Ronald with deadly calm.

WITH a grin that almost touched leather on both sides of his flying helmet, Leading Aircraftman Ronald Davis sat in the cockpit of his Harvard trainer and watched the ground hurrying up to smack him in the eye.

In spite of the mightiest efforts of medical science to make man immune to the injurious effects of the higher altitudes, it had not yet found any permanent but harmless cure for the malady that constantly bothered Ronald Davis. Ascents of more than ten feet invariably gave him severe lapses of memory concerning some of the most sacred rules and regulations of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The very grim fact that he was virtually on parole from the guard-house as a result of his last attack vanished quickly from his mind as the wind that had been howling round the trainer's yellow fuselage changed its tune to a scream.

He watched the neat little squares sprinkled with tomato plants expand into fields, and sprout trees. Then came the Brookmount race-track, looking like a big, oval hoop, and he wondered how small the hoop would be that he couldn't fly through. He thought it would have to be pretty small.

He pulled hard on the control stick. The ground, as though it had been kicked in the face right in its triumphant moment, reared back.

Comfortably seated on the inside of a tight bank, Ronald Davis scanned the countryside stretching far off to the hazy line where it met the blue bowl of the sky. It was then that he spotted the avenue of poplars.

It was a wide avenue. Quite wide enough for a Harvard, provided you didn't decide to turn round half-way through. It was, he thought, a very acceptable substitute for a hoop, even if it was a little broken at the top.

At the same moment, Wing-Commander J. V. D. Appleby, Commanding Officer of No. 60 Service Flying Training School, sat in the station mess, near the radio, glaring. Wing-Commander Appleby was also known as Tiger Eye Appleby, although no one round the station ever shouted the name aloud. He considered No. 60 S.F.T.S. to be one of the more essential parts of the Empire Air Training Scheme.

Although he was off duty and free for the day from official cares, his mind was heavily burdened with apprehension. He was worried concerning the fate of Laughing Lady, a nag that was soon to run in the second race at Brookmount track.

But straining his ears for something good to come out of the radio, he received no tidings of joy. In fact, the announcer's urgent message was decidedly the opposite.

"The horses are lining up at the post," he was saying. "They seem to be having a little trouble with Cuckoo and Laughing Lady. There seems to be some delay. It looks as though ... Wow! Pardon me, folks, but there's a piece of flying going on out here that you really should see!"

"Yes, sir, talk about a lawn mower with wings, folks, this fellow certainly knows his stuff. It's one of those yellow training planes from the air school at Middleton. He just skimmed some tall grass a

moment ago, folks. It isn't tall any more. This fellow isn't a man, folks, he's a bird!"

Wing-Commander Appleby made a funny noise, as though he were gargling.

"Now he's heading for the lane of poplars on the road that leads to the track here. Surely he's not—ye gods, folks, he is! He's flying down the road between them. Of all the death-defying performances ...!"

Had the young man at the microphone been allowed one look at Wing-Commander Appleby he would have been assured that the performance was indeed death-defying.

"He's heading down between the trees now at a terrific rate! Wow! Is there a doctor in the house? I'm afraid I'm going to have a tragedy to describe in a moment ... but wait ... wait ... he's nearly through ... no, his right wing ... Gee! ... it seemed to graze one of the branches, but he's still under control."

"Yep, he's through now. He's climbing ... let's see, yes, I can make out the number on his wing ... RG Three Four Eight Four. I can only repeat, folks, what a flier! With such daring young gladiators of the sky pitching in to meet our enemies, with such ..."

"But wait a minute, folks, the second race has begun. One of the horses has bolted and is running across the centre of the track instead of round it. The plane must have ... It's Laughing Lady! Too bad, Laughing Lady!"

Wing-Commander Appleby grabbed the arms of his chair and rose to his feet in a daze. His face was a horror to behold.

Two young R.A.F. officers entered the mess, stopped quickly, and backed out the doorway with trembling knees. One wore the Distinguished Flying Cross for a suicide raid on the Scharnhorst, and the other had been mentioned in dispatches for tackling five Messerschmitts single-handed. But this was different.

LAC Davis, mercifully unaware of what great things had come to pass back at No. 60 S.F.T.S. through the miracle of radio, pulled the fast

little trainer out of a spin, looked at his wrist-watch, and saw it was time to go home.

On the way he performed his daily routine. This had to do with morale among the inmates of the new camp for German prisoners, which now hove into view beneath the tip of his port wing. It sat down there in the woods, a rather grim little community of tar-papered buildings surrounded by barbed-wire fences and guard towers.

In Ronald's opinion, a nice strafe over a camp full of German sailors, soldiers, and fliers was good for his own morale. He considered it gave authentic atmosphere to what might otherwise be rather dull training flights.

On the other hand, it was bad for the morale of the enemy. To be strafed daily by an airplane bearing the good old red, white, and blue roundel could not help but slowly undermine the faith of the Nazi prisoners in the eternal glory of the Reich. It was, Ronald reasoned,

Escapade of an air trainee

like the drops of water which eventually drove the victim nuts.

Because it was warm and sultry, a number of German officers, protected from labor by international law, were dozing under the trees. LAC Davis came in quietly with his motor idling until it seemed both he and the Harvard were to be abruptly interned. Then he poured on the coal.

Persons with a vulgar ear for such things have often maintained that a zooming Harvard with a healthy motor and a propeller in fine pitch gives off a sound that strikingly resembles a gigantic Bronx cheer. It was to such ribald music that the Nazi officers were jerked from their slumbers. They waved their arms and shouted after the manner of the Fuhrer, and although Ronald couldn't hear the words he could tell by the gestures that he'd struck another telling blow for the United Nations.

It gave him a twinge of regret, on the way home, to think that he'd soon have to turn this important chore over to some worthy suc-

cessor. Wings parade was only a week away. LAC Davis already had his three dome fasteners sewn on the left breast of his tunic. In seven days those fasteners would receive their embroidered wings—snip, snip, snip.

A certain Miss Cecile Paquette, of Montreal, had promised to be on hand to sew them down tightly immediately after the ceremony. Ronald ran his fingers fondly over the three little metal bumps as he thought of the wings which would soon be fastened there. A couple of times he had awakened in the middle of the night in a blue sweat, dreaming about them.

Except for a few details, the dreams had the same theme. There he was, Leading-Aircraftman Ronald Davis, about to receive his wings. Tiger Eye Appleby had delivered his blessing, sprinkled with the usual fire, thunder, lightning, and brimstone, and was handing out the wings—snip, snip, snip. Came the moment when he raised the wings to the thumping chest of Ronald Davis—and the dome fasteners weren't there!

It was at this point, in each dream, that Ronald awoke. During the second dream he had torn the breast pocket off his pyjamas.

After the wings parade a sergeant's stripes, maybe even a commission. Then England.

Down below the station appeared, all neat and trim as the tunic of Tiger Eye Appleby. Gently Ronald brought the speedy Harvard in for a landing that was smooth and sure. As he climbed out he saw that Tiger Eye Appleby himself was standing on the tarmac. He wondered if he'd appreciated the landing.

It seemed that he had, because he was walking over toward him rapidly—enthusiastically, Ronald thought. When Tiger Eye Appleby got within twenty yards he realised that some strong impulse other than admiration was propelling the Wing-Commander along at such a fast clip.

Snapping to attention, he saluted Wing-Commander Appleby briskly. The salute which Wing-Commander Appleby gave in return was the hurried gesture of a man anxious to get along with the work in hand.

The opening speech was slow and deliberate, of the armor-piercing rather than the high-explosive type.

"I believe, Davis, you are aware of certain fundamental rules which apply to this and all other stations of the Empire Air Training Scheme."

"Yes, sir."

"These rules are really quite simple. In fact, I believe that even the smallest children of the neighboring farmers are quite familiar with them."

"Yes, sir."

"One, of course, is that you should never set fire to the hangars."

"No, sir."

"And there's another one that's just as important, if not more so. It concerns aerobatics below an altitude of 2000 feet."

"Oh, of course, sir!"

"What do you mean, 'Oh, of course, sir'? You follow the rule to the letter, I suppose?"

"Naturally, sir. I mean ..."

Ronald forgot what he was going to say as the tiger eye of Wing-Commander Appleby suddenly deserted him and focused sharply upon an object that dangled from the control horn of the Harvard's right aileron. He walked over and plucked it from the machine with the eagerness of a child reaching for the first flower in the spring. It was a neat little sprig of poplar leaves. When he turned again to Ronald he was showing his teeth.

"To continue our—ah—chat on rules and regulations, Davis. You were saying, I believe, that you performed your aerobatics strictly above the 2000 feet limit?"

"Yes, sir," said Ronald weakly.

"You know, Davis, I've often regretted that I never got much chance to study up on my botany."

In spite of the disarming and rather mysterious content of this remark, the tone had become even more deadly. Ronald absently placed his hand upon the ripcord of his parachute and then dropped it when he realised there was no place to jump.

Tiger Eye Appleby fingered the sprig of poplar. He looked like a man holding a bomb release. "All I can say, Davis, is that the rich soil of this particular chunk of Canada grows the tallest poplar trees ever seen in this world or any other!"

If his motor had fallen out or his wings had dropped off, Ronald knew he could have thought up an answer. But this was different. "Yes, sir," he said hollowly.

"I heard a play-by-play description on the radio of your one-man air circus. The announcer seemed very impressed. I suppose if he'd known that you were giving your closing performance as a pilot for the Royal Canadian Air Force he'd have given you an even greater hand. That's all, Davis."

The heart of Ronald Davis stood doing flip-flops, and stood still.

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Continuing . . . The Flying Lawn Mower

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AS I recall it," Wing-Commander Appleby concluded with icy deadliness. "The radio announcer referred to you as a lawn mower with wings. Apart from removing your wings, I believe I will leave your—ah—status unchanged."

That night, sitting alone and very dejected on the edge of his bunk, LAC Davis performed his own brand of kara-kiri. With a safety-razor blade he cut the threads that held in place the three dome fasteners on the left breast of his tunic.

On the day before wings parade, Ronald sat on the pilot's seat of a tractor, hauling a mower over a vast stretch of lawn near the centre of the field.

To be washed out a week before wings parade was a hard blow. To be removed in the same stroke of disaster from the cockpit of a Harvard to the seat of a tractor was a soul-shaking experience.

As he chauffeured the tractor round and round, with its lawn mower clattering away in the rear, he watched a pair of Kittyhawk fighters skim in from the south and land with a dainty grace that belied their motor strength and fire-power. As they taxied jauntily down the runway Ronald gripped hard on the wheel of the tractor, which was in the act of moving down its fourth boundary line.

It was quite in keeping with his foul fortunes that the Kittyhawks should arrive over at the new operational school the very day after his grounding. Some of the lads with their wings up had already taken the machines out on a spot of target practice, and their glittering descriptions of the experience had twice caused Davis to leave the canteen without his chocolate nut sundae.

Next to flying, a chocolate nut sundae was LAC Davis' greatest passion, with the possible exception of Miss Cecile Pauquette.

Cecile had promised in her last letter she would be on hand to watch her cheri receive his wings. If Cecile hadn't been spending the past week with an aunt, address unknown, he'd

have sent her fair warning that she'd be walking into a scene of tragedy if she arrived on the morrow.

The pilots had left the Kittyhawks and were walking into the office of the Chief Flight Instructor. While the propellers still idled, an armorer peered into the ammunition compartment of one of the machines.

Ronald took his eyes off the roosting Kittyhawks long enough to do a flat turn with the lawn mower.

When he looked back, he saw something that struck even him as being a flagrant breach of King's Regulations and Orders (Air). A man clad in blue denim had suddenly appeared from nowhere and was at that moment walloping the armorer over the head with a club.

As the armorer quietly folded up on the tarmac, the stranger in blue turned to climb into the cockpit of the Kittyhawk. A large circular patch of red on the back of his smock shouted that he was a German prisoner.

It didn't take LAC Davis long to grasp that a branch war had suddenly broken out at No. 60 S.F.T.S. and that the first round, as usual, was going badly for the United Nations. Even as Ronald leaped from the lawn mower and left it clattering off to forage for itself, the German banged open the Kittyhawk's throttle and sent it streaking across the field.

LAC Davis hit the cockpit of the second Kittyhawk in what might technically be called a triple play move. He jumped in, rammed home the throttle, and sat down all in one motion. Like a nervous thoroughbred punched suddenly with the spur, the Kittyhawk raced down the runway and into the sky.

LAC Davis had studied everything concerning Kittyhawks he could lay his hands on, and had piloted up hundreds of hours in them during flights of fancy. He tended every adjustment of the craft with careful touch. He noted that the German still had his wheels down. Apparently he

couldn't find the control of the retracting mechanism.

With his own wheels up, Ronald figured he should have a fairly good edge over his quarry in the matter of speed.

The situation which arose as he closed in upon his quarry severely shook Ronald D. vis' confidence in the catch-as-catch-can method of wrestling with the Fates. The German suddenly looped, and before Ronald could get himself properly adjusted to being on active service six streams of tracer bullets from the other Kittyhawk's guns were smothering his head.

"Wow!" exclaimed Ronald, drawing in his neck like a neurotic turtle.

With this brief prelude there opened the first air battle ever fought over Canadian soil. LAC Davis had no time to dwell upon the historical importance of the event.

He could never tell anyone what he did. He just flew. He and the Kittyhawk merged their separate personalities into a single unit that lacked only feathers to make it a bird.

Once the German appeared squarely in his sights. He pressed the gun-trip and waited to see the other Kittyhawk start moulding. It took only a moment, but it seemed several centuries, before the realisation finally came to LAC Davis that his six guns were empty.

The discovery rattled him for a moment, long enough to let the German slip once more into a position where he could play a deadly tune while Davis danced. As though a great, threadless needle had passed over the fabric, a row of holes appeared in his right wing.

The sight of those holes had a very stimulating effect upon LAC Davis. During the next few minutes he invented enough new aerial tactics to fill several textbooks. He afterward modestly admitted that they hadn't required a great deal of thinking because he had merely made them up as he went along. It was during one of these home-made manoeuvres that he found himself again on the Nazi's tail.

He hung there with the indomitable will of a man who had straddled a runaway and couldn't let go.

THE palms of his hands were slippery and he rubbed them on his knees, one at a time. It would be funny to go and get himself shot by a German before he'd even got his wings up.

Ronald jabbed the gun-trip again and again for the relief it gave him. He wondered how long he could stick. That last burst from the German had been much closer than the first. If the third burst were closer.

He wondered if Tiger Eye Appleby would give him a decent burial or merely throw him to the crows for flying against orders.

Suddenly the German slipped away from him again and in split seconds was back on his tail. This time, thought Ronald Davis, it would probably be curtains. He felt the hair standing out on the back of his neck as a spray of tracers darted by. Then, abruptly, they stopped.

Ronald held his breath and waited for the next burst, but it never came. He knew then that the Jerry had run out of ammunition.

He glanced backward in time to see the other aircraft peel off and strike across country. Banking sharply, Ronald took up the chase again. From now on it looked as though it were going to be a game of ring-around-the-rose. Eventually someone was going to make a crash landing with empty gas tanks.

He was tailing the German very closely now. The seat of a lawn mower was no place for a fighter pilot. A man would feel sort of silly trying to bring down a German with a lawn mower.

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Slowly, it seemed almost inch by inch, the whirling metal blades of the Kittyhawk's propeller were knitting toward the German's tail surfaces. When the German saw it coming it was really too late to avoid it. He tilted the Kittyhawk downward in a frantic attempt to dive clear, and it was then that it happened.

There was no great crash. There was just the swift, wicked bite of the swinging propeller blades as they sliced a chunk off the German's rudder. He veered sharply and then started down in a wide spiral.

Ronald gulped some dry air because there was nothing else in his mouth to swallow. He cut his motor to relieve the strain on his badly vibrating propeller. Cautiously he followed the other plane down. The German was fighting desperately for control, and doing a fairly good job of it.

The limping Kittyhawk straightened out of the spiral a few hundred feet above the ground and did a wobbly glide into a wheatfield. Clumsily, the German pancaked to earth with a bounce. The Kittyhawk whipped round sharply and furrowed the ground with its long nose.

Ronald came in behind him. Although he hopped out of the plane on the double, there was really no need for haste. The German was crawling slowly out of the cockpit. As Ronald approached, he placed one hand shakily against the plane for support. He then held up his right arm in what was meant to be a defiant Nazi salute. "Heil Hitler!" he mumbled.

For reply, Ronald Davis held up a menacing fist. "Say that again," he promised, "and I'll finish you!"

Wing-Commander J. V. D. Appleby was sweating buckets, partly from the heat of the day and partly from the scorching backwash of his own words. Fiercely, he ran his gaze up and down the lines of tense-faced

youngsters waiting to receive their wings.

"I know you will wear these wings proudly and always do them honor. You have worked hard for them. You have personified the Royal Canadian Air Force motto, 'Per ardua ad astra'—through adversity to the stars. Gentlemen, I congratulate you!"

"As you leave this school, I would like you to take with you the splendid example of courage and devotion to duty so recently set by one of your own classmates."

Wing-Commander Appleby cleared his throat.

Miss Cecile Pauquette, of Montreal, having finally wedged her form into the first row of spectators, was making it extremely difficult for the assembled class to maintain an unwavering eyes front.

"Leading-Aircraftman Ronald Davis, at great personal risk, pursued and captured an escaping German. We have since learned that this officer was one of our most prized prisoners, Lieutenant Fritz Handorf. The Nazis credit him with a number of victories."

"The fact that Davis did the job with empty guns is proof that personal courage still rates high as a weapon of war. I know you will all agree that he should be honored with the first wings to be presented at this ceremony."

Tiger Eye Appleby beamed.

"Leading-Aircraftman Ronald Davis!"

Leading-Aircraftman Ronald Davis stepped briskly out of line, marched ten paces, right wheeled in front of Tiger Eye Appleby, and did a snappy salute. Tiger Eye Appleby lifted the wings, then hesitated and looked at him aghast.

Suddenly the sun blackened in the heavens for Ronald Davis. The horrible impact of the thought staggered him. Even in all the excitement he wondered how he could have ever forgotten to replace those dome fasteners.

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A Scotsman cut three sets of teeth. He lived to be 110. Note for those with Scotch instincts—Kolynos is the dental cream that goes further. Half an inch on a dry brush is plenty.

Gunpowder to clean teeth! In the early nineteenth century, gunpowder was a popular dentifrice.

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ONLY LENT

By . . . Australian Author
LILIAN MCCARTHY

YOU would not have imagined Mrs. Bates would ever have time to feel lonely, or that her middle-aged thoughts would ever stray beyond domestic limits. A widow, mother of three sons, grandmother of five, she was kept busy from morning till night. Besides keeping house for Bennie, her youngest son, still unmarried, she knew a day would not pass without a call from one of her two daughters-in-law.

She liked them, and was pleased to help. Not even to herself would she have admitted that she found them dull and tiresome.

Yet she did. Good sound girls as they were, and good wives to her sons, she would have had them different—a bit more—well, gay. But Alf and Bert had always liked the solid things of life—Irish stew with dumplings, stout leather boots, strapping, sensible girls where the other boys had run after fluff, silly dolls.

The fact was, Mrs. Bates would have liked a fluff, silly doll in the family. Her one daughter had stayed with her but two short years of her baby life. The death of that baby girl eighteen years ago was the cause of the bewildered look which still crossed Mrs. Bates' lined, faded face at times.

Once, when Mrs. Bates herself was a child, a well-meaning but misguided neighbor had lent her a doll belonging to her own little girl, who was away on a picnic for the day. It had been claimed with tears and shrieks of anger by its rightful owner on her return, and the neighbor had had to console the bereft borrower.

"It was only lent, my dear. I'll get you another one. Don't cry. It was only lent."

Mrs. Bates had remembered her words when little Fay had died. And just as the neighbor had never got her another doll, so there was no other Fay.

The years passed, and her sons made their sensible selections in marriage, their own sturdy sons were born. Bennie was practically engaged to Edith Thompson—another sensible selection. Edith was plain, but she was a good cook and housewife, and devoted to Bennie. On Sunday evenings she came home with Bennie to tea.

Then one Sunday Edith did not come. Instead, Bennie broke the habit of years and went out to tea. He was out most of the following week, and on the next Sunday he brought home, not Edith, but Julie.

Mrs. Bates, dimly aware that Bennie and Edith had quarrelled, was not prepared for Julie Clarke. She could only stand and stare at her. Julie was twenty, slim, and fair, and blonde. She was as artificially pretty as beauty parlors could make her, but through the mask of artificiality there shone a natural loveliness that no make-up stylist could mar.

"Like Fay would have been," thought Mrs. Bates, "the same age, and everything . . ."

"Julie's going to be your new daughter-in-law, Mum," Bennie said heartily. "Bit of a change, eh? How do you think you're going to like her?"

"A lot, I hope," said Julie. "Can I help set the table?"

Mrs. Bates stirred herself. "Everything's done, dear," she answered. "There's no need for you to do anything. If I'd known you were coming I'd have had a proper party for you. I've only cold meat and a bit of trifle."

"Cold food is what I like best," said Julie. "I save cooking and messing about with pots and pans."

"You'll get over that, my girl," said Bennie. "When you're married, you'll be cooking a hot tea every night for your lord and master."

"My lord and what?" asked Julie, with equable scorn.

Her slim, scarlet-nailed hand reached up and pretended to claw at his brown cheek. Bennie blushed and kissed the slim, pretty fingers.

"We're going to have roast beef and a boiled pudding every Sunday, as all events," he compromised.

"We'll see," murmured Julie, letting her hand lie in his.

Mrs. Bates, bustling about the dining-room, thought to herself, "Poor old Edith would never have dared to take that tone with him. I'm glad she's got a mind of her own."

Bennie's a good lad, but just a bit domineering."

During the evening she learned that Julie worked as cashier at a railway refreshment stall, and went to first-aid classes in her spare time. She liked it very much, and had some idea of training as a nurse.

Mrs. Bates frowned as she thought of her daughters-in-law. They wouldn't like Julie. They already spoke of Edith as one of them, and had given her hints on housekeeping, and ways of keeping husbands in good humor. No, they wouldn't like Julie, with her sylph-like figure, and her calm blue eyes. She was alien.

But Mrs. Bates loved her at sight. In the ensuing weeks she waited eagerly for Julie to say something about the future. But Julie was oddly silent on major issues. In her rare leisure hours during the day she took "Mum" out, took her to matinees, and on shopping expeditions. Once she enticed Mum into a beauty parlor to have her hair set.

"What, me?" cried Mrs. Bates in amazement, when they were in the shop. "I thought you wanted to have your nails manicured, Julie. Now, listen, I'm an old woman, not a pretty young girl. Nobody cares what I look like."

But Julie had her own way, and even the daughters-in-law later admitted that "Mum's" hair looked very nice, properly washed and softly set.

When Julie came to tea the next Sunday she had a present for Mum—a new hat.

"A new hat, eh?" said Bennie somewhat anxiously. "You'll be spoiling my old lady, Julie."

It was a blue straw hat, in a shepherdess style, and by some miracle it suited Mrs. Bates to perfection. She was rather like a faded and elderly Dresden figure.

"Julie, it's too young for me!" she protested, nevertheless entranced by the effect in the mirror. "Not that it isn't very pretty. But you keep it—"

"It's yours, and you're going to keep it. Suits her, doesn't it, Bennie?"

"Looks all right to me," said Bennie sulkily.

Julie smiled in her seraphic way, and slipped her hand through his arm. At the light touch, so rare in their engagement, his frowns vanished, and he drew her closer to his side.

"You look really pretty, Mum," he said in a changed tone. "Nearly as pretty as Julie herself."

At the softened look on his face and Julie's air of resignation as she stood within the circle of his arm, Mum took the cue to slip from the room. Her pleasure in the new hat was slightly marred by Julie's attitude towards Bennie. That wasn't just teasing. She didn't, and couldn't, feel anything for him, yet she was going to marry him.

Mrs. Bates carefully laid the blue straw hat away in its box, and put it in that part of her wardrobe reserved for "best" clothes—it was not overcrowded—before she went down to prepare tea. She told herself that Julie would change when she was actually Bennie's wife. Many young girls approached marriage in a similar spirit.

BUT that night, when they stood outside the boarding-house where Julie lived, Bennie burst out: "Look here, Julie, I can't go on like this. When are we going to be married?"

"We've only known each other a couple of months," answered Julie, looking over his shoulder. "There's plenty of time, Bennie."

"There's not plenty of time! You said you'd marry me the first time I asked you, but I can't get anything definite. We're not even properly engaged."

"Yes, we are. I'm not going to marry anybody else."

"Julie—do you mean that?"

"Yes, I mean it," her voice was flat, and seemed to come from a distance, but Bennie did not notice it. He caught her to him and kissed her.

"All right," he said. "I'll wait. Whenever you say, Julie."

Mrs. Bates heard him whistling when he came in, and wondered if anything definite had been settled. She decided that to-morrow she would put on her new hat, and have an afternoon among the shops. A wedding, even in wartime, meant clothes and presents. But the next

afternoon, as she was setting out, a knock sounded at the door.

"Bother!" thought Mrs. Bates. "That'll be Violet wanting me to slip up to her for a while. Well, I've got something else to do, young woman, so there!"

Defiantly she peered through the curtains, but received a slight shock when she saw that it was not Violet, but a young man who stood on the step. He was well dressed and rather handsome in a quiet way.

"Good afternoon. Are you Mrs. Bates?" he asked, as she opened the door.

"That's me," nodded Mrs. Bates. "Won't you come in?"

He followed her into the front room. He was self-possessed, but seemed worried.

"Please sit down. I was on my way out, but it can wait," said Mrs. Bates. "It's not about insurance, is it?"

"No, not exactly," he answered, with a faint smile. "My name is Bryant. You may not want to hear what I have to say, but I think that you should. In your interests—and in your son's—"

"It's about Julie?" cried Mrs. Bates. "I don't want to hear anything against her—"

"It's nothing like that," the young man said quietly. "It's—it's not easy. But I have to tell you that she loves me, and that she will never be happy with your son for that reason."

"Loves you? Then why is she going to marry Bennie?"

"The young man answered bitterly: 'Because she won't believe that I'm serious with her. She thinks I'm only trifling. Well—I was at first. I've only myself to thank for that, fool that I am!'"

He broke off, frowning, then went on: "When we first met—I'm a doctor and I helped in some demonstrations at the first-aid classes she attends—I thought she was just a hard little flirt with a lovely face, and I was prepared to make it just a flirtation. And now that I really know her, nothing I say will convince her that I've changed. But I want to marry her."

"It's not just a question of a pretty face now—I couldn't face life without her. And she couldn't face it without me. You must know she cares nothing for Bennie. She only turned to him when she thought I didn't want to marry her."

Looking at the young man, Mrs. Bates saw that

he was in dire need of help. His face was drawn with deep anxiety.

"You could persuade her," he said.

"Persuade her not to marry my own son, when that's the very thing I want her to do?"

"But it's the very thing she should not do. It will only end in tragedy." "How do you know she really loves you?" Mrs. Bates asked helplessly. "Has she ever said so?"

"Yes. And, anyway, it's a thing one knows without being told—the way a hand clings to yours, the way a face lights up, the way feet hurry toward you—"

Mrs. Bates thought of the rare, reluctant caresses Julie bestowed on Bennie. Her feet had never hurried toward him, poor boy.

"I don't know that there's anything I can do," she said at last. "I know Julie's not very happy—but there's Bennie to be considered, too. Still, I'll find out if she really wants to go through with it. If she doesn't, well, I'll handle Bennie."

Please turn to page 20



Julie looked up in startled surprise as she heard a quiet voice speak her name.



CONVERSATION PIECE . . .

Pam (1944) finds a bedroom conversation with Miss Clara (1894) no easy matter. The difference in their outlooks is reflected in their underclothes. Look at them! Whereas Miss Clara's "garments" were grown on a cotton plantation, Pam's undies are a product of the laboratory and the chemical factory.

Not longer ago than our mother's day, underclothes were made from vegetable fibres (cotton and linen) or animal fibres (wool and silk) — and silk was far too costly for the average woman. The chemist set out to build new silk-like fabrics . . . he began by treating cellulose from wood pulp, to give the "artificial silks" now generally known as rayon. Now, in the discovery of nylon*, the chemical industry has created a fibre that is an improvement on natural silk!

Yet, if Miss Clara were to glance through Pam's wardrobe, she

would find that in accepting the new, Pam has not forsaken the old. Cottons, woollens and linens are there, but with a breath-taking difference . . . crease-resisting, unshrinkable and water repellent . . . with subtle handle and rich draping qualities fit for a princess. No longer are serviceable colours drab or strident, they blend and harmonise in an unlimited number of shades — thanks again to the work of the chemist. Gay cottons are guaranteed fadeless, and delicate tints need no longer be guarded from sunlight or water.

Pam may well be grateful to the British chemical industry for the rich fabrics and beautiful, durable colours which are part of her every-day life. In the days ahead she will have still more reason for gratitude.

*Just now nylon is serving the nation, so it will not be available to the public till after the war.

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WINGS TO BEAT

Final instalment
of this thrilling
serial

DON heard a stone rattle behind him. Because he was staggered he was slow to move. A thunderous explosion paralysed him further; simultaneously something kicked his shoulder, tore through the flesh. His torch dropped, snapped out. He spun round, tripped over one of the boxes. There was another roar which seemed to bring the world about his ears.

His gun was still in his hand. His left shoulder felt as if it had been torn away. He lay over the boxes, shocked and helpless. Then his brain kicked over, took command, developed a picture of stencilled words.

He spoke softly into the darkness: "You there —. I'm going to fire. Shoot at the flash if you like. I'm on your cases of dynamite. Too bad for me if you hit one. Too bad for you also —."

He judged the position of the passage and pressed the trigger. The noise deafened him again. He waited for the reverberations to die away, waited for the answering fire which did not come.

"I'm shooting again," he warned. "You crazy fool," an angry voice snarled, "shooting over that stuff. You'll start something —"

"You start something," suggested Don. "I want to see your flash." He got no reply to that. He eased his position, felt for a moment as if he might swoon. Then the faintness passed.

His right leg was pressing against a spool. He felt it through his thin pyjamas. He guessed it was a coil of fuse. Dynamite and fuse. It looked as if the gang had only been playing so far.

He leaned over and groped in the bound man's pockets. He found what he was looking for—a box of matches.

He gave a grunt of satisfaction, and laid the matches together with his gun on one of the boxes. Then he felt for the spool. His groping fingers found some loose strands. This was even better. They were long, evidently cut for use.

His hand slid over the floor, gripped over a stone. It was a painful and difficult job to wind a section of the fuse round it, but he succeeded at length.

He put the wire and the stone alongside the matches. Then he felt for the lid of a box and started to hammer.

The man bawled at him uneasily: "What are you doing?"

Every blow gave Don a savage pain. He gritted his teeth. He said, "You'll see in a moment."

"You're done." This was a jeer.



"I'm waiting because I've got a job to do. You would like to know what it is. I'll tell you. It's something you can take with you. It'll haunt you." He was talking excitedly, his sentences disjointed. He went on: "I've got the whole tarmac mined. When I light the fuse the whole works will go up. A hundred planes will take off, only they'll go up in little bits. A pilot would get an Iron Cross destroying a hundred planes, and putting a training station out of action. It's a big show."

"I'm glad I know," said Don calmly. But the fingers of his right hand fumbled badly for a moment. Then they got a grip on the splintered lid of a box and tightened. He tugged and nails protested.

"Don't you fool round with that dynamite." The man was frightened now.

"If I'm to go out one way or another," said Don, "you may as well come with me."

The man cursed. Don heard a movement. He snatched up his gun, fired up the passage.

The man scrambled back. Don waited a while, then put down his gun. He wriggled quietly until he was flat on the floor behind the boxes. He spilled some matches from the boxes and jammed them in a crack. He placed the stone with its length of fuse handy.

He struck a match, put the flame to the fuse, picked the stone up, hurled it along the passage. It was all done in one swift motion. The spark of the fuse went flying through the darkness. He heard the stone strike the floor. There was a loud curse, and the scrape of boots. He waited, following the noises intently. The man was retreating in a panic.

Don picked up his gun and scrambled to his feet. He could see the fuse burning up the passage. He ran up the passage and ground the flame out as he passed. Ahead the sounds of flight suddenly stopped. Then he heard the ring of boots on iron. The man was climbing out of the cellar.

When Don reached the cellar he heard the man scrambling over the loose rubble of the ruins. He reached up and caught hold of a rung. It was slow, agonising work going up the wall. It was a miracle that he was able to scramble over the lip. But he made it.

He did not know how he got clear of the ruins. He felt weak and faint. He had to steady himself against the outside wall. Then he looked toward the station.

He saw the man then, making for the tarmac. He had a wild thought. He'll take a plane. He'll escape by air.

He lifted his gun, fired. He saw the figure stumble, turn round. The fire was returned. The second bullet struck Don in the body. He jerked back against the wall, fired again. He saw the figure fall. That was the last thing he remembered.

Don was conscious of little bursts of sunshine which seemed to break up the whole lifetime of darkness. He caught glimpses of faces—Terry's, the doctor's, Bloom's, Dawn's. He heard fragments of talk, remote, coming from a long distance away.

Then the glimpses and the fragments became longer and clearer. The periods of darkness became shorter. He heard other sounds—the roar of aircraft. He saw beds. They were all unoccupied. Even Terry's.

He spoke to a nurse about this once. "What's happened to Squadron-Leader O'Daniel?"

"He was discharged a week ago, sir."

"The next time he opened his eyes he asked after Dawn. 'She's on night duty, sir.'"

For some reason that sounded good to his ears.

He was feeling much stronger when one day he opened his eyes and saw Terry. "Well, you old son of a gun," he whispered.

Terry looked absurdly happy and relieved.

"It's nice to hear your tongue ticking over again," he said.

"How are tricks?"

"Sitting pretty with a handful.

By FRANK NUNN

Everything's going fine now. We'll be back to schedule by the time you get back and quit loafing."

The next morning Bloom was there. He said, "Well, how do you feel now, mister?"

Don said, "How do you feel?"

"Full of wonder and admiration. I think you're marvellous. I've been waiting up here to be the first to take your hand."

"I'm glad you waited," said Don. And then, "How did it finish up?"

"The doctor said —"

"Never mind the doctor. I've started to think again. I'll begin to burn up shortly if I'm not told."

"Then perhaps you'd better be told," Bloom said. "I can give you a pretty complete story with my own knowledge, a confession, and several conversations with Dutchy, Miss Shannon, Father Sebastian, and Father Peter. Maybe there'll be one or two blanks which you can fill in. But first of all let me tell you that you shot Rogers. He died the next day."

Don nodded. "What about—Dutchy?"

"He's all right. He had a bit of a cough on the head. He's lined up on the drill square now, he and the other instructors. There's a wings parade on. Can you hear the band? The constable's all right, too. He's got a thick skull, that lad."

"I don't quite understand—about Dutchy, I mean."

Bloom looked at him thoughtfully. "No," he said, "no. Maybe you don't. I wasn't sure about that. But I'll explain. It'll explain itself as I go along."

He began explaining in detail then, dealing with Dutchy first.

"He's a good lad, but he's a whale for getting into trouble. Some time back he married a lovely girl in Batavia—a singer. I've seen a picture of her and I think she's the world's champion beauty."

"If I'm to go out one way or another you may as well come with me," Don said, peering into the darkness.

"All the men between Singapore and Manila are crazy about her. She sings in cabarets and travels, although just recently she's been singing over the air."

"But some time after Dutchy married her he suspected that she was in the game of espionage. Her father was Dutch, and he had had her educated in Germany. She was sympathetic to Germany, and, although she mostly kept her sympathy hidden, she sometimes let things slip. Then, too, Dutchy saw things going on which made him suspicious as well as jealous. She went out of her way to captivate British and American servicemen in Singapore and Manila, and had for a friend a Dutchman who conducted a tourist bureau. I forget his name."

now, but Dutchy came to look upon him as the clearing house for the information his wife collected. "All this was going on before the war, and Dutchy wasn't greatly concerned in his wife's activities. But when the war broke it was different. He tried to persuade her to give up her singing and live with him on the plantation. She wouldn't have any of that. Then he charged her with being an agent and told her there was only one thing he could do if she kept at it. That took a lot of doing, I guess, because Dutchy was frankly in love with her. "He didn't have to do that, however. She promised to drop the game, drop her singing, too, live with him on the plantation, and she did—but only for a time. Then she disappeared. Dutchy was beside himself. He went to the tourist bureau man and threatened to shoot him if his wife did not return. He guessed, of course, that the Dutchman was behind his wife's disappearance."

"The Dutchman was frightened. He told Dutchy that his wife was singing in a cabaret in Saigon. Dutchy flew there and found the man had died. He returned to Singapore, but in the meanwhile the Dutchman had skipped."

"Dutchy hung round Singapore a long while for his return. He engaged an ex-detective of Rotterdam, man called Jan Peters, to hunt for the Dutchman and his wife."

Don nodded. "He's in Yatestown now," he said. "Or was."

"Did you meet him?"

"I only heard his voice."

"At the monastery," said Bloom.

"Where were you?"

"I'll come to that—. We'll go back to Dutchy waiting in Singapore. He found that wait pretty dreadful, and started to drink heavily. And then he met Miss Shannon. Maybe what happened to him then won't surprise you. He fell in love with her."

"One day he learned from his banker that she was in a hole. She had gone to Singapore to be the nurse of an invalid woman in a Dutch family. The woman died and the family let her down badly. She was stuck there without a penny. Dutchy, more sober now than drunk, told her to pack her bags and get back to Australia. He'd fixed her fare, and all she had to do was to get on the boat."

"She got on the boat, and for some weeks afterwards Dutchy returned to his old habits. Peters wasn't doing any good with his investigations, but Dutchy kept him on the payroll. For all his change of heart he badly wanted a crack at that Dutchman still. He might have joined the R.A.A.F. earlier but for that longing."

Please turn to page 14

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A. WASHING—First, measure your garment. Then mix up your Persil and add it to water that's barely warm. Gently squeeze your woolly in the suds. And please don't rub two surfaces together or your woolly will become felted and shrunk. If any part is badly soiled, just lay it flat on one hand and lightly rub with the other.

B. RINSING—Rinse well—at least three times—in water of the same temperature as your suds. If any colour shows in the rinse, add a little vinegar to the last rinsing water (about $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful to every gallon). Never twist or wring woollens, but roll them tightly in a thick towel and press out the moisture.

C. DRYING—Dry flat—away from direct heat. Pack with tissue paper or towels—sleeves as well as body. Put a piece of folded tissue in any pockets and underneath the collar. Check measurements, easing the woolly back to its former shape. Turn now and again so that it dries as quickly as possible.



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Gu.771

A.I.F. boys praise U.S. "Ninth Division Navy"



U.S. ENGINEERS at Scarlet Beach with gun they used for knocking out one of two Jap barges. One of the boys has an Australian hat.—Dept. of Information.



AUSTRALIANS and Americans are among the crowd on this beach north-west of Lae. Picture taken shortly after Australians had landed for advance on Lae.—Dept. of Information.

Amphibian engineers who landed and supplied our soldiers

Some American troops on leave in Sydney have nicknamed themselves the "Ninth Division Navy."

They are U.S. Army amphibian engineers who worked with the Ninth Division, A.I.F., in the Lae and Finschhafen campaigns. A deep, mutual respect has grown up between the Ninth and its "Navy."

THE "Ninth Division Navy" brought the Australian troops by barge to the landings at Lae and Finschhafen, and brought their supplies in all along the coast.

Their machine-gunners defended the beaches, and others went ahead of the A.I.F. making roads and supply dumps.

The amphibian engineers have made official application to wear the Ninth Division color patch, in addition to their own.

"The Americans and Australians worked together in complete harmony," said a U.S. gunner.

"There was never any distinction between the two. We were all just what you would call 'cobbers'."

"There was a mutual feeling of friendship and respect, so much so that we all wanted to be on leave when the Ninth is on leave."

"This was the first time many of the Americans had been under fire, and we were alongside trained and experienced men who knew what it was all about."

"The men of the Ninth have spirit, ability, and initiative—all the qualities of good soldiers."

"The Americans picked up a lot of Australian slang, and when there was a lull we sat round and talked and laughed together."

"It is the hope and desire of all of us that we will again be attached to the Ninth Division."

Co-operation superb

THE machine-gunner said the Americans were very pleased when General Blamey sent a letter saying that the co-operation between the Americans and Australians at Lae and Finschhafen was "superb."

"The U.S. amphibian engineers landed us in barges, brought our stores ashore, and established dumps, and worked ahead of us laying roads," said a captain in 9th Div. Sig.

"Most of them were experiencing air raids for the first time, so they were instructed to watch the Australians and do what they did."

"After the first enemy raid they seemed a bit puzzled and said: 'When the raid began the Australians shouted 'ho ho,' and ducked into the jungle, so we said 'ho ho,' too, and also ducked into the jungle."

"The Americans did everything in their power to help us, and our fellows have made very firm friends with them."

"When we were short of cigarettes the Americans helped us out, and sometimes we were able to provide them with chocolate."

"We were very amused when they

sampled our very hard army biscuits and called them 'crackers'."

"The Americans brought their barges into the beachheads no matter how bad the weather was. Several times they had to bring the supplies in through very heavy seas."

"Very few of the Americans had been farther south in Australia than Cairns, and they were all looking forward to visiting our capital cities."

One American a lot of the Australians recall was "Jo," a former Chicago taxi-driver, who amazed them by always changing gear in his jeep with his knees.

"We found they were mostly quiet coves," said Pte. Maurice Clough, of a pioneer battalion which worked on the beachheads where the barges were unloaded.

"Most of the chaps we worked with came from the Middle West. There didn't seem to be any city men among them."

"The Jap planes used to fly up and down the coast looking for our 'Ninth Division Navy,' bombing the barges a lot, but they brought the convoys through, landing in all sorts of weather."

"One company of Americans put up a wonderful show when the Japs tried to land at Scarlet Beach."

"The Americans were landing supplies in the dark, and worked on under continual fire."

"Part of their job was beach defence."

"Two of their gunners kept on firing until their gun was blown to pieces."

"One of the gunners was terribly wounded. One of his legs was blown off and he died from his injuries. The other gunner was badly wounded."

Many 9th Division men tell this story of the American gunners. All of them say they think they should be awarded the V.C.

Pte. Clough has written a poem, "Yanks Down Under," which is included in his second book of verse, "The Fighting Ninth."

"Yanks Down Under" is a resounding poem about Americans from different parts of the U.S.A. discussing the merits of their own home States.

"The thing that strikes you most is that these guys are like yourself, no less, nor otherwise—

Remember nights around El Alamein,
When we and our crowd felt the very same?

How, in the desert sands, we all would sit
And air our views on home more than a bit?"

"We unloaded at night and had to work pretty steadily to be through before dawn," said a sergeant with a 9th Div. Pioneer unit.



FOUR U.S. SOLDIERS on leave exchange reminiscences of Lae and Finschhafen. Cpl. Clarence Lyons, Pte. Henry Wittrock, Sgt. D. Murray, and Pte. Wilfred Ouellette, amphibian engineers.

"We had to keep pretty quiet and could show no lights, so mostly our conversations with the Americans were no louder than a mutter."

"They usually turned coffee on for us during the night—and very good coffee it was, too."

"They liked our Australian hats. They found their small peaked caps weren't much use in that climate."

"We used to shelter together in the air raids and they soon learned all the tricks about how not to get hurt."

"A lot of them wore camouflaged uniforms—'zoot suits' as they call them."

Sgt. Steve Beaumont, former amateur light-heavyweight boxing champion, Empire Games representative, and captain of the N.S.W. boxing team which visited Tasmania in 1939, recalled some of the personalities met among the Americans.

"We met Larry Homar one morning washing clothes on a river bank at Lae," he said.

"He was an illustrator with 'Life,' 'Colliers,' and the 'New Yorker,' big American magazines."

"He drew some excellent signs and illustrations for a unit Christmas card. Nothing was too much trouble for him."

"Incidentally, Homar was an acrobatic diver at Billy Rose's big aquatic show at the New York World's Fair, where among other features beautiful girls danced ballets under water."

"Johnny Weismuller and Eleanor Holm were also some of the stars. 'Another fine cove was Mike La



"OUR FELLOWS made firm friends with the Americans," said this captain of a Ninth Division Signal Unit.

Guardia, of Hoboken, New Jersey, technical corporal in charge of a barge. (He wasn't related to the Mayor of New York.)

"Mike always smoked cigars and wore an Australian rising sun badge on his cap."

"When in at our beach he and his mates would have some tea with us, sitting on coconut logs at the local Y.M.C.A."

"At this particular Y.M.C.A. at

Launch Jetty, Finschhafen, all the Americans would line up for a drink of tea with us when the 'brew' was on, using the standard cup—a milk tin with the lid rolled back for a handle."

"I think there were many American converts to tea from coffee, due to this indulgence."

U.S. Sgt. Douglas Murray, whose home is in Michigan, said he would remember all his life a party of six Aussie comrades-in-arms going hungry to share their rations with amphibian engineers in distress.

"It was sheer luck on our part," he said.

"We were slipping along the coast under cover of darkness with supplies for a detachment farther north when we ran into rough weather."

"In the pounding two of our craft developed engine trouble. We were gradually being swamped."

"The weather was so bad it was a case of every craft for itself."

"My boat and the other disabled one decided to turn side-on and hope that the waves would finally beach us."

Landed on beach

IN the buffeting we lost all sense of our position. Finally, after much difficulty we made a landing."

"We were all feeling pretty rueful, wondering what the jungle had in store for us, as we had lost all our personal equipment and practically all our food, when out of the darkness we were relieved to hear the challenge of a friendly voice."

"Across the beach, at the ready, an Aussie came running to investigate."

"In no time he had his five mates, camped nearby, out of bed and giving us a hand to salvage the bulk of our valuable equipment."

"For a week until a rescue party arrived, we lived with them."

"Many a time the Aussies went hungry to give to us. They were a bunch of the finest fellows I ever met."

On another occasion Sgt. Murray said an Australian N.C.O. with a work party of natives came to their aid when they had been burnt out.

His detachment had just landed and made camp when they were struck by fire.

The work the American detachment was doing was of such importance that they could not stop to save their equipment or release men for reconstruction of the camp.

In ten days the Australian N.C.O. and the natives built them native huts of plaited palm-leaves and bamboo, to shelter from the tropical downpours.

When the huts were ready it was the first time in days that the Americans had been able to dry out their uniforms.

Until fresh equipment arrived for them, Australians in a nearby camp lent them some of their gear. It was real co-operation, Sgt. Murray said.

Editorial

APRIL 29, 1944

THE ANZAC SPIRIT

FOR the fifth time Australia commemorates Anzac Day in the shadow of the second world war.

The subject matter of the celebration, the landing on Gallipoli, recedes farther and farther back into the years.

The men who took part in that historic event are gradually dwindling in numbers.

Yet, every time April 25 comes round, the commemoration has a warmer, more urgent, significance.

Those bygone exploits of the first A.I.F. have not been eclipsed by the heroism of a newer conflict.

The new names in the temple of fame—Tobruk, El Alamein, Kokoda, Sananander—only reflect greater lustre on the record of Anzac.

Seen from among the grim tumult of the anti-Hitlerite crusade, the deeds of the earlier generation of warriors seem to come into clearer focus.

Between the two wars the carnage between 1914 and 1918 died away to a historical murmur.

Young men listened with interest to stories of their fathers' heroism. They respected the Anzac tradition.

Yet these tales seemed to come to them from a strange world.

Then Hitler and his accomplices let loose again the horrors of war.

Free men instead of comfortably enjoying the fruits of their toil must fight for their rights with the same physical courage and endurance as their fathers had done.

The two generations have understood each other better because to each has come the same irresistible summons.

That is why Australians are celebrating Anzac Day with especial fervor in 1944.

—THE EDITOR.



VISIT TO CAPRI during leave for R.A.A.F. boys in Italy. L. to R.: LACs N. French, S. Brown, C. Thom, Cpl. L. Henry, Sgt. E. Marshall, LAC W. Chipperfield. Photo sent by Mrs. S. A. Brown, Edgecliff, N.S.W.

Bomber's hair-raising trip home

During an R.A.F. bomber raid on Munich the bombers were attacked by enemy fighters.

An air-gunner in one bomber brought down an enemy fighter. The bomber was blown off its course and had to fly through heavy defences of searchlights and anti-aircraft fire, but reached its base safely.

W/O. ARTHUR EVANS, the gunner who brought down the enemy fighter, describes the flight in a letter home. Shortly afterward he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

"They say join air crew and get a thrill," he writes. "Boy, that sure is true, and what a thrill!"

"The sights we see over the other side are beyond human imagination."

"Cities as big as Sydney, some bigger, a mass of flames with bombs bursting every second, and huge explosions tearing up the ground. Smoke often rises to fifteen thousand feet, sometimes higher."

"The whole city is lit up by different colored flares. Tracer shells and bullets are ripping up toward us. Searchlights, hundreds and hundreds of them, are just like thin, long fingers pointing up at us, swaying round the skies trying to catch us—and a lot do."

"Suddenly you will see a terrific explosion in the sky, and a bomber or an enemy night fighter dives downward in flames. You see that sometimes twelve times in one night."

"Often you see fellows bail out of a burning aircraft, and you mutter a quick prayer for them."

"Even when you're miles away from the target, on the way home, you can see an awful orange glow in the sky."

"It is just like the sun rising, but you know differently. It is Essen, Munich, Berlin, or Hamburg."

"They all burn the same, some better than others."

"It makes you hard, damned hard, it's a job that's got to be done, and done thoroughly, if we're to win this war."

"I think the worst trip I have had was my last trip to Munich."

"We were in the second last wave, and by the time we got there the city was blazing fiercely."

"We got through the flak and searchlights O.K., and dropped our bombs right in the centre of the city."

"We had just cleared the outer suburbs when I saw a fighter (they are like bees round a honey-pot)



TOBOGGANING in the snow on fire-escape chute outside their barracks in Canada. Left: Sgt. Keith Miller, with two friends, Bob and Johnny.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by

Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

attack the bomber on our port quarter.

"The poor lads didn't get a chance, and went down in the blazing bomber."

"He had a searchlight on the nose of his aircraft, and kept on putting it off and on, trying to blind me."

"I held my fire until he had closed to 500 yards, and just when he was about to open fire I gave him three short bursts from my guns."

"My first burst missed him, so in a split second (and, believe me, it is only a split second) I corrected my error in deflection, and my second burst set one of his engines on fire, and he slipped slightly to starboard."

"My third got his petrol tanks, there was a hell of an explosion, and the two Jerries and their machines were blown to pieces."

"It fell to earth in the suburbs of Munich in three blazing pieces; the explosion lit the sky up for miles. It was the biggest thrill of my life, and my first victim."

"I can't explain how I felt. I had seen my own pals shot down without a chance, and, believe me, that does something to you inside."

"I just sat there with my gun-sights on him and my finger on the firing button waiting until I thought he was just about to press his button, and then, well, you know the rest."

"It only means it's either him or you, and I didn't wish to die, nor did my pals."

"Well, that was that, but we still had a long way to go home."

"Unfortunately, the wind changed suddenly and we were blown down south about 30 miles off track."

"To get back on track we had to pass over Lake Constance, which is half in Switzerland and half in Germany."

"We knew this place was heavily defended, but we just had to take the chance."

"Allan, that's my skipper, thought he would try and sneak through the two large cones of searchlights which were already feeling round the sky for us."

"We could see these searchlights coming closer and closer. We were dodging back and forth. Some would just glide past our nose, just missing us, then one got us."

"Like a pack of wolves the rest swung across on to us. There we were, caught slap bang amongst the lot of them."

"The guns started belting away, and the flak poured up the beams of light. I prayed as I had never prayed before."

"I could see the shells bursting all round us, leaving black puffs of smoke through which our wing-tips and nose were cutting."

"Every few seconds the bomber would give a violent lurch as the flak burst right beneath us."

"We dived and turned frantically trying to get out of the searchlights."



OUTSIDE "THE DONGA"—hut built by members of a signal unit to replace their tents in Darcin area. There was keen competition among the troops to build the best-looking hut. L. to R.: Jack MacRae, W. J. S. Roden, H. Vince, Joe Day, Phil Berriman, Jim Hunter, Eric Colein.



AWARDED D.F.C. after bringing down enemy aircraft over Munich, W/O. Arthur Evans, of Homebush, N.S.W. (left), with another R.A.A.F. man, Max Annetta.

"Then suddenly we made it, how Heaven only knows."

"The guns were still firing at us, but at every burst we were getting farther away, until at last we crossed the enemy coast and left the guns far behind us."

Trooper T. O'Brien, to his sister, Mrs. D. Elvin, Duntroon, A.C.T.:

"We are rehearsing a concert put on by the troops for the troops, in which the usual ballet, featuring six husky, hairy-chested boys, will play a prominent part."

"The one second from the left will be yours truly."

"I have also been trapped in for a duet."

"We will have two of our biggest jokers on the door searching the customers for concealed weapons, otherwise the artists' lives would be in constant danger."

"If you don't hear from me for a time you will know one of my rivals has managed to smuggle a weapon in somehow."

"Fair dinkum, isn't professional jealousy a curse!"

LAC D. R. Cuttriss, somewhere in Northern Australia, to his wife in Geelong, Vic.:

"YESTERDAY we had a very pleasant surprise when we received unexpectedly some mail which we had almost given up as lost."

"There is a wonderful story behind the delivery of this mail. The mail happened to be marooned out at one of the other missions, and as there did not seem to be any way of getting it to us by the usual channels, the missionary must have decided to send it overland—a distance of close on 100 miles."

"Some natives (I can't tell you how many) walked with it all the way. They had to swim numerous streams."

"Some of the mail was a little damp when it arrived, but it was all readable."

"I am afraid words cannot express the praise that must be given to these people, our own Australian aborigines, for their goodness."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, April 26: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, April 27 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All These in Favour."
FRIDAY, April 28: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, April 29: Goodie Reeve presents "Kadiu" competition, "Heidy's Treasure."
SUNDAY, April 30 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, May 1: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, May 2: "Musical Alphabet."

Youth discusses problems

"Youth Speaks," the session which presents the views of young Australia on problems of the day from 2GB every Friday night at 7.30, has changed its form.

INSTEAD of its formal debates, the session now features round-table discussions.

The discussions are under the chairmanship of John Dease, who sometimes has to stem the boys' eloquence, and see that arguments are kept to the point.

Until recently the subject chosen was not disclosed until an hour before the broadcast. In this hour the boys were able to take notes, but no reference to text books or other sources of information was permitted.

Now this procedure has been changed. The subject is decided well in advance, but the team to compete is selected just one hour before the broadcast.

The topical subjects create wide interest with listeners, and show how active an interest the boys are taking in domestic and world affairs.

Among problems discussed are: "Should Men be Compulsorily Registered at 15?" "Should Post-war Housing be State Controlled?" "Should Public Utilities be State Owned?" "Is Environment a Greater Force than Heredity in Moulding Character?" "Should a Husband Hand Over His Pay Envelope to His Wife?"

In the round-table discussions the opening speakers from each side present their arguments, and are questioned in turn by their opponents for a period of two minutes.

After this examination the last two speakers conclude the debate with a rounding-off of their case. The speeches are impromptu.

Film Guide

**** True To Life.** A pleasant bit of froth that is bright escapist entertainment. Dick Powell and Franchot Tone as radio writers win fame with a show written round appealing Mary Martin and her delightfully crazy family. Three catchy tunes are deftly included.—Prince Edward; showing.

**** Desperate Journey.** An exciting and fast-moving adventure tale of English fliers returning home from Poland through Germany. Although the story is absurdly far-fetched, an excellent cast, headed by Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, and Raymond Massey, makes it seem credible. Nancy Coleman does well in a small role.—Taller; showing.

**** Wintertime.** Sonja Henie's latest film closely follows the familiar pattern of romance, comedy, and skating, but they are blended neatly into an enjoyable show. Cornel Wilde will cause plenty of heart-throbs even in a dull role, and Cesar Romero and Jack Oakie give generous supply of laughs.—Empire; showing.

*** Lucky Jordan.** Alan Ladd, through competent acting, lifts a trifle and boring film to moderately exciting fare. Playing tough guy who goes A.W.O.L. from Army, Ladd gets mixed up with spy ring. Newcomer Helen Walker makes brief appearance.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in a wrestling game as a result of
SHARPY: A manager, tricking Lothar into signing a contract. The Nubian made a sensational debut, and
NAILS: A gangster, forces Sharpy to give him a half-interest in Lothar. Mandrake insists that Sharpy inform Nails the deal is off. Nails and two of his men call on Mandrake and threaten to shoot him unless the deal goes through. Just as the gangsters point their revolvers Mandrake gestures hypnotically and their hands close on their guns like a vice. They can't move.
NOW READ ON:



Burmese nurses work close behind front line

Attached to U.S. forces,
they care for Chinese

From PHILIP WYNTER, war correspondent
in Burma

In the Northern Burmese jungle, with the distant thump of shells and staccato snap of rifle-fire making a continuous background of noise, there came the startling sound of women's voices singing a tinkling Burmese song.

Following a track through the vines and ferns I found the source of the voices—black-haired Burmese women under a tarpaulin shelter singing as they made gauze dressings.

THESE women, who are nursing wounded Chinese soldiers on the Northern Burma front, are nurses of an American Seagrave Hospital Unit which works close behind the front-line.

In fact, it is so close to the front-line that the stretcher-bearers carry in the wounded from the battle-ground, sometimes under shellfire.

It is an unusual hospital, and the nurses are civilians who are able to leave whenever they want to.

But they don't. Gordon Seagrave, 47-year-old American doctor, working as a missionary doctor in Burma for the American Baptist Mission, founded the hospital in peacetime.

He trained his own nurses. When the Japanese swept into Burma in 1942 he and his nurses offered themselves for war service, and were assigned to the Chinese forces in Burma.

Seagrave is now with the U.S. Army with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel.

The nurses, who are still civilians under contract to the U.S. Forces, had walked 100 miles through jungles to the site where I saw them.

They were waiting to move to a new hospital site within a mile of the nearest Japanese.

The Japanese were shelling the



NURSES attending Chinese soldiers. These Burmese nurses are civilians attached to an American hospital unit.

area of the new hospital site, and had hit one hospital hut.

The main group of nurses were being kept back for the time being, but six of them in a small operating unit on the left flank of the front had been under shellfire for a week.

"They were raising a row because the doctors made them leave an operation and take cover when shells came a bit too close," said Colonel Seagrave.

"They're very used to shelling and bombing, and complain that there is no reason that they should go to ground when the doctors don't."

While he talked, the women sitting nearby were still singing.

Their tarpaulin shelter stood on four bamboo posts. It had a bamboo floor, but no sides.

The women's beds were blankets on the floor.

Folded mosquito-nets hung down from the tarpaulin.

Six pale, brown-skinned women sat near the blankets, working with white gauze.

Their black hair hung in long plaits down their backs or was rolled into a knot at the nape of the neck.

One wore an American soldier's shirt and trousers.

longhi, an ankle-length skirt wrapped round and tucked in at the waist.

Others wore white bodices and longhies of colored, patterned cloth. One had a red comb in her hair, another a yellow jungle flower.

One was playing Chinese checkers with a Burmese man in American uniform.

Around the shelter thick jungle vines reached down from the tree-tops.

"They're having a bit of a holiday now while we're waiting to move," said Colonel Seagrave. "We've sent all our patients back."



BURMESE NURSE eating with soldiers. The nurses look after wounded Chinese soldiers on Northern Burma front.



CHINESE SOLDIER guards plane being serviced for Burma front by U.S. Army Air Force ground staff.

Another wore a soldier's shirt, soldier's sweater, and a blue-striped

In Seagrave's unit there are nineteen Burmese nurses, aged between 21 and 30.

"They're quite adapted to jungle life like any soldier," he said.

"They go looking for jungle fruits and vegetables, and have even learnt to fish with hand-grenades."

"And, when the pressure is on us, they're first-class nurses."

As well as the nurses, the unit has two Burmese doctors and twelve Burmese men.

Seagrave explained a hymn the nurses were singing. "Except for three Buddhists, they're all Christians," he said.

Seagrave, a short, thickset man with grey hair and blue eyes, was born in Burma. His parents were missionaries.

He studied medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical School in the United States, went back to Burma, and worked there for twenty years before war came to Burma.

The unit is now getting modern American Army equipment.

"We've had to do a lot of improvising. During our first two months here we operated by the light of flashlight torches," Seagrave said.

"We'd have operations going on on four or five tables, and about twenty men standing round with their flashlights."

Tarpaulin shelter

"WE'VE had to leave one site in the morning and move about ten or fifteen miles with our gear on mules, coolies, or jeeps, and start operating by 8 o'clock that night."

"We make our operating-tables out of bamboo. We put up a shelter of tarpaulin or of parachutes used for supply dropping, and get to work."

"We build the rest of our hospital of bamboo huts round us later."

"Usually, relays of Chinese stretcher-bearers bring in the wounded. We get them on an average within five or six hours of being hit, but have had them within three hours."

"Our advanced unit is now working on the left of the front, and has had one patient on the operating-table within forty-five minutes."

Seagrave and his hospital unit have treated thousands of Chinese soldiers since 1942.

In the present campaign in the jungles of northern Burma they have had to work through monsoon heat and rain, when the steamy jungle floor is like a swamp of mud—water spills off the trees like water out of a tap—and with thousands of jungle insects (mosquitoes and leeches) round them everywhere.

Seagrave spoke slowly, polishing his glasses with a khaki handkerchief.

"I wouldn't change it for any other life. It's adventure all the time."

Sixty trips on Trans Train for Aamws corporal

By FRED A YOUNG

Corporal Charmian Faulk, of the A.A.M.W.S., has travelled sufficient mileage on duty to take her four times round the world.

She is one of the Aamws who do a valuable job on the transcontinental troop trains, and in the past fifteen months she has been sixty times back and forth between Adelaide and Perth at 1600 miles a time.

ALTOGETHER seven girls have been to-ing and fro-ing on the East-West line for the past 18 months or so, rendering first aid to the troops and doing dressings, besides acting as chaperons and tending to the needs of travelling servicemen.

Corporal Faulk is one of the original four assigned to this work.

"Just imagine what I would have seen if I were travelling on and on instead of back and forth," she said.

But so monotonously true to schedule do most of the trains run she practically knows the time of day by the places she's passing through.

For all that, she is delighted to be in this section of Army work, because a year or so ago she put on the pretty frock she had worn for her coming-out at the Legacy Ball, and married a Western Australian, Lieut. Gordon Faulk.

They had met while she was a V.A. at a military hospital in South Australia. He is stationed somewhere in

W.A., so this means that she has a chance of seeing him once in a while.

A tall, slim, vivacious girl, Corporal Faulk left school to join V.A.'s, and later became an Aamws. It was her first job.

Her experiences on the transcontinental are similar to those of the other six girls . . . one trip is much like another.

The girls are no sooner in a capital city than they are out again . . . just time to report to headquarters, refit kits, see their families for a day or so, wallow in refreshing baths (as many as they've time for), fix up their laundry, then away they go again.

Special quarters

IT'S a rush existence, really full of movement, and yet at times it seems static to a state of boredom.

Two compartments in the long East-West train are given over to the Aamws.

One is the Regimental Aid Post, the other their sleeping quarters, complete with bed, but no shower.

In these rooms small parties are sometimes staged, simple affairs comprising cups of tea and cake from the canteen's weekly half-ton

allowance. The O.C. of the train is generally a guest.

Socially the quarters are out of bounds to all but servicemen and officers. Only exception is a soldier travelling on the same train with his servicewoman fiancée or wife. Then the O.C. permits them to meet in the Regimental Aid Post.

Sick parade starts half an hour after meals. Worst case in Corporal Faulk's experience was a suspected appendix. Others have included chicken-pox, malaria, laryngitis, the flu, and baroo rot sores.

Most times there is a doctor aboard. If not, skilled services of two trained nurses are available at Tarcoola and Cook.

"The good weather experienced on the average makes up for the dreariness of the journey," said Corporal Faulk. "Occasionally, of course, we have terrific duststorms, when one's face seems to shrivel up. When work's done on very hot days I sleep or read."

"Mirages are practically an everyday occurrence while crossing the desert. But loveliest of all are the sunsets, a vast panorama of color stretching over the whole dome of the sky. They are like that practically every day, and I try never to miss them."

Aborigines are a perennial interest. They are to be seen at many spots.

"There's one place along the line where an old Jackie (all aborigines are Jack or Mary to the troops) always joins the troops in a game of two-up. And he can spin a coin with any of them," said Corporal Faulk.

Only once has Mrs. Daisy Bates come into the line of vision. This famous worker among the natives lives the life of a recluse when she "goes bush."

A train breakdown brought her nearer to white civilisation than she cared about, which was a couple of hundred yards away, and she refused all invitations to approach nearer,



CORPORAL CHARMIAN FAULK, A.A.M.W.S., whose job is on the transcontinental train, travelling between Adelaide and Perth.

and retired instead to one of her two tents, which are connected by a tarpaulined pathway.

Greatest thrill of every trip is the passing of troop trains. Everyone rushes to the windows to wave.

Travelling on a "ghost train," Cpl. Faulk regards as her weirdest experience. Sometimes a practically empty train travels one way—there may be only thirty people aboard.

"It's queer going into these empty carriages after being used to the teeming life of the troop trains."

Corporal Charmian Faulk belongs to a real Service family. Her sister is a V.A., but hasn't joined the Army. One brother, Sgt. Colin Waddy, has been demobilised from New Guinea.

Then there are Capt. John Waddy, A.I.P.; LAC Alton Waddy, R.A.A.F., who has been at Darwin for a long period; and Wing-Commander Brian Waddy, also of the R.A.A.F.

Mr. and Mrs. CURTIN SAILED WITH 60 BRIDES



PRIME MINISTER JOHN CURTIN, Mrs. Curtin, and General Blamey were a cheerful group when they appeared on deck to wave good-bye to friends and officials on the wharf.



YOUNG MOTHERS who will make homes in America with their U.S. servicemen husbands. L. to R.: Meadama D. J. Lebank (Melbourne), J. Perry (Perth), C. W. Brandenburg (Perth), W. M. Mahony (Perth), D. J. Yeakle (Brisbane), and R. Bradshaw (Newtown).



PASSPORT INSPECTION for some of the sixty pretty war brides and fiancées when they boarded the ship. Well before sailing time framed photographs of their American husbands and fiancés adorned dressing tables and shelves in their cabins.

GAY send-off for the ship carrying Mr. and Mrs. Curtin and General Blamey abroad was reminiscent of pre-war days. Besides the Prime Minister's party the passengers included sixty Australian girls married to U.S. servicemen.

Mrs. Curtin, who was making her first trip outside Australia, was farewelled with armfuls of flowers, and all the brides held native bears and other Australian souvenirs, and bunches of flowers.

Although the departure was secret there were a number of Government and high Army officials, Lady Blamey, and close friends on the wharf.

On the hill overlooking the wharf a party of schoolchildren waved and cheered as the ship drew out.

The Australian girls married to U.S. servicemen came from all parts of Australia. Among them about a dozen were young mothers, some of whose American husbands will see their babies for the first time when they arrive in America.

In the party are a few girls who are engaged to Americans and will be married on arrival.

One of them, Paula Bowen, of Perth, who is engaged to Navy Lieutenant L. C. Kee, of Tennessee, had to leave without her trousseau, as it did not reach the sailing port in time.

She is to be married three days after she lands in America, and will have to buy another wedding frock there.



HAPPY FAREWELLS from some of the party. Some of the girls have been married nearly two years, others only a few months. The mothers in the party arranged, as soon as they met on board, to help each other look after their babies at mealtimes and on washing days.

ANYWAY, he did join up eventually. He took an instructor's course at Point Cook. One night, when dining in a restaurant, he heard a woman say, "Goodness, what are we coming to? See that man in Air Force uniform there?" He was pointed out to me in Singapore. His wife is notorious. She's a cabaret singer. But that's not all, my dear. She's—

"Well, Dutchy got out of it. The old feeling of being branded returned. He's highly strung and sensitive. Lots of fliers are like that. I understand."

"He avoided the city after that. He started to shrink up in himself, although when he broke out he was all right. Then he received a letter from Peters, telling him that he had been commissioned to do a job which meant a visit to Australia. He also informed Dutchy that the tourist bureau fellow had returned to his office; that he suspected that a singer who was broadcasting from a certain Javanese station was Dutchy's wife. He suggested that he could look into that on his return from Australia. He forwarded a programme with a name underlined."

"Before Peters arrived in Australia Dutchy was posted to this station. He was relieved to get into an out-of-the-way place like this, but the feeling of being benighted didn't leave him. Dutchy is an artist. He loves music and painting. He's temperamental, like an artist. He reasons like an artist."

"When he was in the Dutch East Indies he struck up a friendship with a priest, who used to get him to drop books and that sort of stuff at various missions and monasteries when he was flying round. When he got here one of the first things he did was to call on his friend at the Spanish Mission, and that is how he got to know Father Sebastian and Father Peter. His friend the priest died shortly after Dutchy arrived here."

"But Dutchy wasn't happy here; if anything, his unhappiness increased. He told the two monks about it. He told them he would like to make sure that the radio

singer was his wife. He wanted no more to do with her; he intended to get a divorce. If he could be certain that the radio singer was his wife he was going to try to get leave and see her, again, get things fixed up."

"Peters took a flying trip over from Sydney to see him. He told Dutchy that just before he left a Government official informed him the Dutchman was being watched in the hope that he would lead the Government's agent to the man at the head of the spy ring in the N.E.I. Peters also learned that Dutchy's wife had now become an unwilling member of the organisation, and it looked as if a lot of spies, including Dutchy's wife, were going to pay the price shortly for their activities."

"That upset Dutchy still more. He wrote by air mail to him. Dutchy wouldn't tell me what he wrote. It was something, apparently, that was calculated to disturb the Dutchman frantically. I suspect that he used the knowledge Peters had obtained from the Government official, but without knowing for certain, I won't judge him there. Peters returned to Sydney for a week or so, and in the meantime listened-in to the Java programmes trying to pick up the singer's voice and identify it. I think his intention must have been to warn her about the danger she was in. The monks offered their practical help. Father Sebastian wrote to a friend of his in Manila to make inquiries. I think it must have been about this time that Rogers got on to it and started to use Dutchy as a pack-horse for his schemes and false leads—without Dutchy's knowledge, of course."

"Then Miss Shannon came here. Dutchy was overjoyed. He told her some of his trouble, asked her if she would marry him when everything was cleared up, and he had his divorce. It doesn't matter now what made her say she would. Put it down to pity and gratitude."

Concluding . . . Wings To Beat

Continued from page 7

"That's what you think," muttered Don.

"Okay. Maybe she'll clear that point up with you herself. The C.O. is arranging for Dutchy to go overseas. On the day he disappeared Peters received a cable from Singapore saying that the gang had been rounded up—all of them with the exception of Dutchy's wife, who had vanished. Peters left right away, and Rogers jumped Dutchy—

"But I'm getting away from the continuity. Just one thing more along that track, however. Dutchy is not holding Miss Shannon to her promise. She's free. Dutchy let her go because he has eyes and a heart."

Bloom paused. Don said nothing. But his thumping heart was making a lot of noise.

Bloom said, "Now we'll get down to the point where I came into the picture—Owens' death. Owens did go over to the monastery, but not as often as Rogers would have you believe. And he did go for the music. But only because Rogers had hinted that Father Sebastian was using his organ as a kind of Morse-key for the sending of messages out of the country."

"As I have already said, Rogers intended to use Dutchy as a stooge, and was out to build up a false background. He planted a seed and stood aside, but in his hand was a watering-can and a pair of secateurs. If the plant showed some signs of wilting he would give it water; if it looked like growing out of hand he would cut it back. Are you listening?"

Don roused himself from his dreams.

"Sure," he murmured. "Well, now," Bloom leaned forward, looked into Don's eyes, which were open again. He said: "I strung you along a lot just for the fun of it. You asked for it—and gave it, too. I'd liked to have taken you into my confidence. I could have done with a man like you to talk things over with. But every time we got close we lashed out—

"I didn't really believe that Owens' death was the first knock to be given by a widespread organisation. I thought it was a simple business. But one night I went down into the drain. The next morning I went along to Rogers' office. He wasn't there, but a clerk allowed me to look at the blueprint of the drains. When I was rolling it up I saw some faintly pencilled words on the back."

"I got out my pocket magnifying glass and looked at the words closely. Actually they had been rubbed out and were barely more than the impression of a pencil point. I saw they were a name—Father Michael—and a city address."

"Now that name interested me because only three months ago Father Michael was found dead at this city address. The doctors found a lot of poison in his stomach, and I was given the job of looking into the matter. Father Michael was very old, and for a long time had been at the Spanish Mission up here."

"I fell flat on the inquiry; I got nowhere. The only worth-while piece of information I obtained was that on the three nights prior to his death Father Michael had been visited by a young man who was described as big, fair, and good-looking. That started me wondering about Rogers."

"I know now that Rogers was a Fascist. When the war started he joined the Air Force for the purpose of doing damage to us, and not the enemy. When he was put on construction work, the men he worked for no doubt cheered. They planned everything for him, and provided him with two helpers in Clancy and son, Irish rebels."

"Now, the elder Clancy shot Owens. He came up the drain and went back that way. Rogers slyly suggested the trainees were responsible and left the shell near their mess. He wanted to stir up trouble and confusion, and delay the training of pilots if only for a month or two. Then he was going to wreck the station."

"He made himself pleasant to Dutchy; and went over to the monastery several times with him. He knew that Dutchy often flew over the monastery and dropped a message and received a reply by the use of canvas strips. The strips

were an innocent arrangement between Dutchy and the monks for communicating news."

"It was Rogers who played hide and seek with you on the northern end of the tarmac. He was wearing a dark dustcoat to save his suit. He was scared you had recognised him, and removed the foreman's overalls while you were away to throw you off. You were nearer to death that night than you realised, mister. The young Clancy had a shot at O'Daniel—What did you say?"

Don said, "I received a note— from Rogers. He must have been in a bit of a panic—"

"He told me about the note," interrupted Bloom. "He dropped it outside the mess himself. The Clancys laid for you that night on the road. They were prepared to take risks off their beat to get you and Miss Shannon. They were beginning to worry about her then because of a slip Rogers made which they thought she might communicate to you. However, you escaped, and they cleared out for their piggery and swill drums—"

Don interrupted him. "What about the stolen car?"

Bloom grinned. "That was an honest theft. Some of the troops must have borrowed it, made a tour out this way, and then returned to town. Now, the previous night Rogers had been talking to Miss Shannon. He told her that he knew a little of Dutchy's trouble, and assured her that it was safe with him. He warned her to be careful what was said to you, however; he made you out to be very jealous of the Air Force's name, an officer who would be scandalised and anxious to kick Dutchy out of the Service."

"That same night Dutchy called to see her. When he left she found he had dropped one of his shoulder badges. She put it in her pocket, meaning to give it to Dutchy when he called the next night. She was dressed waiting for you that night when Rogers called, told her Dutchy had gone to town, and that he would probably see him at the hotel. Miss Shannon gave him the badge to give to Dutchy, and when you brought it to light the next morning she got a shock."

AT the first opportunity she asked Rogers whether he had given it to Dutchy. He said he was sorry, but he had lost it. "That made Miss Shannon think. Eventually, she decided to tell me, but by then I was off the station."

"Now I was busy all this time, although you may not think so. I was getting Rogers checked up. I was investigating the drainage system, and I was also following up the clue of the snap-skin. I kept the Clancys' place under observation night and day, but not once did they use the drain during that time."

"One night they both left their place and made in the direction of the station. I followed, but I lost them. An hour later I saw them returning. I let them go and came over to the station to see if Rogers were still in bed. I made a mistake with the room numbers, owing to a steward giving me the wrong number for Rogers' room. I took your number, picked up the tagged key from the board, only to find that it wouldn't turn the lock. You woke up—You know what happened then. When I went back for my shoes I took Rogers' key off the board to get another cut."

Don nodded.

"I figured that out. It was missing in the morning."

"I went back to watch the Clancys and to try and work out the secret of the drain. I'd made myself a bit of a hideout in the bush behind the Clancys' block. At dawn I retreated there, and for the first time really got down to wondering what Rogers—if the fair, good-looking chap had been him—had wanted of the old monk, why he had written his name down on the blueprint."

"I'd been up and down the tarmac drain several times. From the exit to its northern extremity it looked to me like a simple, straight-ahead drain with entrances only through the gratings on the tarmac. But I was pretty certain that it was being used. I could see the dam from where I was hidden up, and also the ruins and the old quarry. I'd been over the ruins, but I began to wonder about them some more."

Animal Antics



"Pat! I'd like to speak to you a minute—alone."

"That night I went over to the monastery, but most of the monks had come from other monasteries during the last ten years, and knew nothing about the lay-out of the old chapel. Then one of them suggested that Father Michael would have known. I remembered that we still had his papers and effects at headquarters, so I decided to go and have a look at them to see if there was anything among them to give me a line on a secret passage."

Bloom paused. He said, "I'm making a long story of this. Perhaps I'd better cut it. I returned to my hide-out and picked up some things and headed across to the station. I'd got half-way across when I saw the two Clancys coming. I went to earth. They were talking of you as they passed, about following you to the monastery, jumper you, and returning you to the station. The younger Clancy said: 'The boss thinks he's dead. I don't!'"

"His father grunted: 'Forget it.' Then he added, 'We've got to get that nurse next. She's guessing—'"

"By the time I got back to the station you had been found. You were all right. I wrote you the note and skipped out."

"There was nothing in Father Michael's papers about the ruins. Rogers had them. Rogers also took your gun. He had the run of the place, as you know. Just about then he was beginning to think he had delayed attending to Miss Shannon too long. He was wondering how much Dutchy knew, also. He decided to make a grand sweep bump off you for certain, Miss Shannon, Dutchy—"

"He got Dutchy. They took him into the cave and bound him up. Dutchy escaped, but Rogers pointed on him near the spur drain and dropped him through. Then he went ahead and fixed up the gym and fuses."

"You winged the old man. They went down that spur, but half-way along the drain the old man collapsed. He was leading the way, and so the young one was trapped. We heard your shots. We must have Rogers. He wasn't quite dead then, and talked. We found the Clancys later."

"Rogers had monkeyed with the drains, of course. He had been able to put two trapdoors into the concrete pipes, one near the spur and the other near the old monk's passage which the workmen had excavated, but filled in under his orders. The Clancys cleared it out later when Rogers found its proper entrance."

"And that, mister, is about all there is to it. It's been your show. But for you, there'd be no war parade to-day. Remember that at any time you feel a fool—"

When Bloom had gone Don lay listening. There was an important person on the parade ground; the band was playing the Royal Salute. Wings were about to be pinned on proud young breasts—wings to beat."

Somebody had entered the ward. He looked across. Dawn was waiting toward him, eyes very bright, smiling.

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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNATE planetary influences dominate personal and national affairs at present. There may be good news, and many people will start new enterprises.

Capricornians, Virgoans, and many Taurians should benefit, and Cancerians and Pisceans to a lesser degree.

Scorpians must guard against arguments, losses, and dangers. Leonians and Aquarians should try to avoid needless worries, obstacles, and irrational behaviour.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Do not be venturesome, but consolidate recent gains. April 25 and 26 can be very fair. April 29 (near midnight), April 30 (to noon), and May 1 can be good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Put wise plans into action now. Seek gains, progress, changes. April 24 (after dusk), April 28 (afternoon), and May 1 all very fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): April 25 (near sunrise), April 26 (to 4 p.m.), April 29 (late evening), April 30 (forenoon), and May 1 (to 3 a.m.) all helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Things appear somewhat dull. But, avoid ill-omen. April 27 (late evening) and April 28 (to 4 p.m.) should be fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Be wise and make use. Avoid discord, changes, quarrels, and unpopularity, especially in April 30 after 11 a.m. Routine work should be done.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 23): On April 23 and 24, and late on May 2, avoid ill-omen. Otherwise, seek gains, progress, and promotions, especially after dusk on April 27, afternoon of April 28, and before dusk on May 2. Plan for future action next week. Success is in view.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Difficulties should ease slightly, but caution is advisable. Conditions can be favourable on April 23, April 25, April 26, April 28, and May 1.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 23): Be on guard for obstacles, worry, aspects of loss, especially on April 23 and from dusk on April 25 to early on May 2. Routine work advisable.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Consolidate past gains by wise action on April 29 (evening), April 30 (to 11 a.m.), and May 1. Be cautious on April 24, April 27 (early afternoon), and May 2.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 23): You must work hard to force your way through to desired goals right now. Plans possible now or soon. Difficulties will continue from April 27 (noon) to April 29 (dusk), and again on April 30 (after 11 a.m.) or on May 2 (after 8 p.m.). Success of week should be helpful. Plan for future action next week.

AQUARIUS (January 23 to February 19): Be on guard for obstacles, worry, aspects of loss, especially on April 23 and from dusk on April 25 to early on May 2. Routine work advisable.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): April 24 is only April 24, and May 2 (to 4 p.m.) is poor. April 27 (late evening) and April 28 (to 4 p.m.) can prove helpful in anticipated matters.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents an astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I don't know what it is. I shot it one night while I was having a nightmare."

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Send your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:
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Well cut, good to have, this smart little frock has been fashioned in a medium-weight material with a woolen appearance. Shades available are grey, sage-blue, lido-blue, and wine.

It shows a high-sitting roll-back collar, and buttoned bodice, skirt with fullness introduced in side panels, and a self-belted waist. Sleeves are bracelet length, and shoulders well extended.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 67/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 73/11 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

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How to obtain "BERNICE": In N.E.W. obtain postal note for required amount, and send to Box 1480H, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States, use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.



F2369.—Sleek day frock; stunning in black or navy. Sizes, 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Australian flower cushion in felt

This most attractive ready-to-make cushion-cover can be had in brilliant shades of felt as gold, scarlet, emerald-green, royal-blue, sage-blue, or honey-brown. It is made up of squares of felt, each measuring 4in. x 6in. You stitch these together in herringbone or feather-stitch. The sides are built up so as to allow plenty of padding. Five of the squares are filled clearly with Australian flower designs—one a waratah, and the others a mixture of waratah and Bunnell flowers. The back of the cushion is also made up of squares, but with no embroidery motifs. This embroidery motif can be worked in silk, or in a heavy wool, in vivid shades. Size when completed, 18in. x 18in. Price 1/6 (no coupons). Plus 3½d. postage. Please ask for No. 463.

Attractive book-ends in felt

Make these in felt to match your cushion-cover. Choose between royal-blue, sage-blue, gold, scarlet, emerald-green, or honey-brown. Book-ends are traced with a pretty lattice-and-flower design, all ready for embroidering in wool or silk, in vivid shades. Price, 7/11 pair. Plus 2½d. postage. Please ask for No. 462.

Scanties in rayon crepe-de-chine

With the pattern and embroidery motif clearly traced ready to cut out and make up, this dainty little design (No. 464) is fashioned in that hard-wearing, well-looking rayon crepe-de-chine. Shades are pastel-pink, blue, plain white. They last embroidery trims both legs. Size 26, 34, and 40in. hips, 16/11 (4 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.



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NEW YOUNGER SET. Sheila Moss, Nell Callinan, Alba Callinan, and Jean Giles, members of newly formed younger set who will work for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, hold meeting to discuss plans for first money-raiser—dance at White City on May 6.



CHRISTENING. Major John Taylor, U.S. Air Corps, (left) and Mrs. Taylor with baby son John at christening at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Godparents, Leading Writer Ruth Haynes, W.R.A.N.S., and Commander Gill Richardson, U.S. Navy, flew from Melbourne to attend ceremony.

On and off DUTY.

YOUTHFUL members of Chatswood Children's Library Movement vie with each other to win special prize for model or drawing of ideal children's library to be awarded at Children's Library Fair and Hobbies Exhibition at Chatswood Town Hall on May 6.

Exhibition will benefit Chatswood branch of movement, and raise funds to enlarge premises to accommodate reference library and craft room for 1000 members already enrolled.

Miss R. Lewers, librarian of branch, tells me she has requests for wide variety of literature—covering orchid-growing to model aeroplanes.

Children's Library Movement will also open branch at beginning of May at St. Mary's.

SPECIAL invitation to wives and mothers of servicemen who have recently joined Army issued by A.I.F. Women's Club, which meets each Friday at Y.W.C.A.

"We feel that many womenfolk of men who have gone into Army as reinforcements do not know of our club, and would like to join and become acquainted with other servicemen's wives or mothers," says Lady Morshead, president.

Babies' creche, where mothers can leave children while they shop, is feature of club.

ONE of proudest spectators at 7th Division's march through city was Sapper George Vasey, son of famous Major-General George Vasey, who is G.O.C. Division.

Mrs. Vasey and schoolboy son, Robert, who live at Fern Tree Gully, Melbourne, unable to be present for occasion.

Lord Mayor's reception which follows march bristling with brass hats, Catch glimpse of Gunner Gordon Garling, A.I.F.—only non-commissioned man present. "Feel like three pen'orth of coppers among all this brass," he says.

Brigadier I. N. Dougherty, D.S.O. and Bar, jokingly says he'll see me next at reception following Victory March through streets of Tokio.

FUTURE home at Bathurst for Sergeant and Mrs. Clive Pierce. Mrs. Pierce was formerly Miss Brenda Parsons, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Parsons, of Cowra.



LEAVING ST. JAMES' CHURCH, Turramurra, Lieut. John Murray, A.I.F., and bride, former Ruth Stanton-Cook. Rev. Ronald Cameron, who taught couple at Sunday school at St. James' when they were small children, officiated at ceremony.



BOTH WEAR RIBBON OF AFRICA STAR. Private Pamela Bushell, A.A.M.W.S., and fiancé, Major Jimmy Yeates, A.A.M.C., who recently announced engagement, attend Randwick races together. Pam and Jimmy first met in Middle East and later renewed friendship when they were attached to same hospital in New Guinea. Plan wedding for next leave.



BRITISH OFFICER, Major Ernest Partridge, lunches at Prince's with Pamela Owen, who is trainee in physiotherapy at Crown Street Women's Hospital. Major Partridge is one of British Army officers attached to Indian Army who arrived in Australia last November to study jungle warfare methods. He is guest of Pam's parents, Mr. Justice and Mrs. W. F. L. Owen, at Rose Bay home, while on leave.

THIS Saturday chosen by Shirley Page for her marriage with Sergeant Paul Tonkin, A.I.F. Wedding will take place at Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley.

Shirley's sister, Fay, will be bridesmaid, and bride's old school friend, Mrs. Mervyn Cusworth, who before her marriage on Easter Saturday was Margaret Rogers, will be matron of honor. Paul, who is twin son of Mr. E. W. Tonkin, secretary to Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, will be attended by twin brother, Peter, R.A.N.

"**ALL** babies are like me," Winston Churchill once said. Agree with him when I see entries assembled for Baby Most Like British Prime Minister competition at fete at Government House arranged by Golden Jubilee Appeal Committee of Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

SON born to Mrs. Roald Edin, former Nancy Throby, at Roslyn Hospital, Lindfield. Baby's father is on active service with Norwegian Merchant Navy.



CELEBRATION PARTY. Major Max Wheatley, A.I.F., and his fiancée, Marie Fagan, dine at Prince's to celebrate engagement. Marie, who drives for Division of Import Procurement, is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Fagan, of Sunnyridge, Mandurama. Maz is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wheatley, of Bellevue, Rossmore.



HONEYMOONERS. Chaplain T. J. Yates, A.I.F., and his bride, former Beth Slater, of Richmond, spend honeymoon at Manly. Beth is Karitane trainee. After war couple hope to visit Chaplain Yates' family in Carlow, Eire, Ireland.

LOTS of country folk come to town for stud cattle fair, which will commence this Saturday at Commonwealth Wool and Produce Company's wool store, Pyrmont.

Margaret Doyle, of Merawah, Boggabilla, who helps father, Mr. J. H. Doyle, with stud cattle on six-thousand-acre station, comes with sister, Judith, for sales.

Mrs. Clifford Minter, of "Cahlua," Coolac, and daughter, Diana, who helps in her father's office on station keeping records of stud cattle, stay at Rose Bay home while fair is on.

Another mother and daughter—Mrs. E. A. Roche and Lorna, who come from Carvan station, Yase—will attend sales.

BUNTY SPENCER chooses St. Mark's, Darling Point, for marriage with Lieut. Alex Macpherson, A.I.F., of Brisbane, as parents were married at same church. Bunty, who is voluntary helper at Kinneal Officers' Club, Elizabeth Bay, is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Spencer, of Moesman.

HONEYMOON at Lawson for Sapper Frank Dent, A.I.F., and bride, former Corporal Phyllis Allen, A.W.A.S. Phyllis is second daughter of Mr. A. W. Allen, of Queenscliff, and late Mrs. Allen.

Interesting People

MRS. G. HARROWSMITH

BRIGHT newcomer to gifted band of writers for children is Sydney girl Mrs. Gwen Harrowsmith. It all began, she explains, when she wrote some verses to entertain a sick little friend. These led her to the A.B.C. and a request to try her hand at a story. "Hoppy's House" was the result. Now the popular broadcast serial has taken book form, published by Consolidated Press Ltd., with lively illustrations in color by their artist, Finny.



CPL. DAI-KEONG LEE

BETWEEN duty hours as corporal in signal section of U.S. Fifth Air Force, young Hawaiian composer Dai-Keong Lee continues his musical career. His latest composition, "A Pacific Prayer," was given its world premiere last month by Stokowski and the New York Symphony Orchestra.



With the composer conducting, "A Pacific Prayer" will be presented by Sydney Symphony Orchestra at A.B.C. War Funds Concert, Sydney Town Hall, May 2.

MISS K. SUMMERSBY

ATTRACTIVE Irish girl, Kay Summersby, film star, is chauffeur to Allied Commander General Eisenhower. She has lived in London for number of years and joined American Forces as General Eisenhower's personal driver when he first went to England. Was his chauffeur in North Africa, Tunisia and Italy. Has now returned to England to drive him.





Movie World

• PAUL LUKAS AND BETTE DAVIS in a charming out-of-doors scene from the impressive Warners' film, "Watch on the Rhine." The basic theme of this play deals with the universal threat of Fascism, and the noble courage of those who fight it.

Paul Lukas, who played the role of the heroic German in the stage production as well as the film, received the Academy Award for the best acting of the year for his performance. New York critics also voted his stage performance the best of the season.



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Platignum
FOUNTAIN PENS
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Kidneys Must Remove Excess Acids

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If your kidneys are not working properly, the kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste, and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition is a danger signal, and may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, and dizziness.

There are scores of people who drag out a miserable existence without realising the cause of their suffering. Perhaps their kidneys have fallen behind in their work of filtering the blood, and that may be the root of the trouble. Look to your kidneys; assist them in their work; give them the help they need.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS and successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief, and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

Drama of American family..



1 BESS MACAULEY (Donna Reed) shows photo of brother, Marcus, to family, Homer (Mickey Rooney), Ulysses (Jack Jenkins), mother (Fay Bainter), and Mary (Dorothy Morris), Marcus' fiancée.



2 WORKING at the post office, Homer befriends manager, Tom (James Craig), and telegrapher, Willie (Frank Morgan).



3 IN LOVE with society girl, Diana (Marsha Hunt), Tom is reluctant to meet her parents, thinking they will despise him, but her mother (Katherine Alexander) soon puts him at ease.



4 AT ARMY CAMP, Marcus Macauley (Van Johnson) becomes friendly with lonely orphan, Tobey (John Craven), and persuades him to come and live with his family as another son after the war.



TOMORROW will be an exciting new world... with smart new fashions to make up for the uniformed world of today... and thrilling new make-up innovations that will transform you into a lovely vision of irresistible beauty. And the smartest and most thrilling of all the new aids to glamor will be brought to you by MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD * LONDON. Until victory has been won, however, we suggest you use your present make-up sparingly... and buy only what you actually need.



Plays a war-time role

We all know the wool bale's peacetime role is supplying us with suitings, underwear, blankets, floor coverings and hundreds of peacetime comforts.

But now the wool bale helps to clothe and equip Australia's fighting forces.

Because of the urgency of defence requirements, peacetime deliveries of Feltex are no longer possible, so to-day we ask you to take care of your

FELTEX

FLOOR COVERING

AND INVEST IN THE
FIRST VICTORY LOAN



6 WHEN HOMER arrives to tell his mother the news, he finds Tobey standing at the door, and takes him inside to be a brother for the one they have lost.

The Human Comedy

MGM's "The Human Comedy," directed by Clarence Brown, tells the story of a typical American family, the Macauleys, of Ithaca, California. Mrs. Macauley, a widow, is poor in worldly goods, but spiritually wealthy. Her eldest son is a soldier, another son takes a job as telegraph messenger after school to help out at home.

The story, specially written for the screen by William Saroyan, won the Academy Award this year for the best original story. It is a simple tale of ordinary people—their comedies, joys, sorrows, and tragedies.

5 RETURNING to the office one night, Homer finds Willie dead after taking the telegram to say that Marcus has been killed.

Patterning Post-war Beauty...

Nothing is stationary — an immutable law of nature demands advance or decline. In these years of battle, KAYSER still progresses — move forward in design and technique of the creations the feminine mind adores. That is why, when the Peace is won, KAYSER will produce creations of loveliness that are worth waiting for.



"the future belongs to those who plan for it."

KAYSER



New woollens to keep you warm as toast

• Dashing jumper suit in blazing red wool that is cleverly designed to team casual charm and sophistication. The broadened shoulder line, laced front and jaunty slit pockets are important new features. (Below.)

• Sketched at the centre top is a glamorous version of the well-beloved pinafore frock. Interpreted in soft beige woollen with brown sleeves and front panel, it is worn with a bright green underblouse and accessories.

• The blithe pinafore trend in all its youthful glory is shown at the left. The simply tailored shirt in thick red woollen offsets a petunia-blue pinafore that is made with wide straps and capacious patch pockets.

• A beige blouse with flowing bishop sleeve teams perfectly with a full green skirt, drawn into the waist with red ribbon to match the saucy little upturned hat and crocheted snood. (Below.)

• A trim yellow blouse, in finest wool, is banded with brown to match it cutely to the cinnamon-brown skirt. With it a microscopic yellow pillbox worn far back on the head.

Revue

BE QUICK

TO TREAT YOUR COUGH

Fast-working remedy alone includes Oral Vaccine Lantigen "A"

CHRONIC bronchitis, even pneumonia, may develop if your cough, chest cold or bronchitis infection is not treated promptly and effectively. You need take no risks with anything less potent than Edinburgh Cough Mixture to smash out the infection. Edinburgh Cough Mixture is a carefully blended liquid, including tested remedies for coughs and colds.

In addition, it is the only cough remedy in the world which includes Lantigen "A" Oral Vaccine. This wonderful, tested product not only aids in reducing infection, but aids in keeping it away thereafter.

Ask your chemist to sell you a bottle of Edinburgh Cough Mixture. The first warming, soothing dose brings welcome relief. Rapidly it aids nature to expel phlegm and heal the red, raw membranes; sleep and rest return. Edinburgh Cough Mixture is sold by chemists only.

EDINBURGH

COUGH MIXTURE
THE FAST-WORKING REMEDY
CONTAINS LANTIGEN "A" ORAL VACCINE

PILCH-KNICKERS

... and long booties to knit

It is very necessary to keep baby's limbs warm in the wintertime. Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, considers these long booties ideal for infants.



THERE'S nothing like well-knitted woolies for keeping baby snug against winter cold. Add these two woolies to your list for baby.

THE little knickers, so widely spaced between the legs, fit snugly over the napkin. Because they are close-knit, they give extra protection.

Materials.—Pilch-knickers—1oz. Patons Lady Betty 3-ply wool. Socks—1oz. Patons Lady Betty 3-ply. Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair each, Nos. 9 and 12.

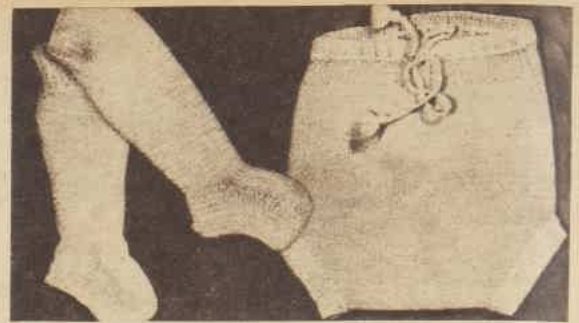
Measurements.—Length of centre seam of pilch knickers, 8½ in.

Tension.—To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 sts. to the inch in width.

PILCH-KNICKERS

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 66 sts. Work 4 rows in rib of k 1, p 1. 5th Row: K 1, * wool over needle, k 2 tog, repeat from * to the last st, k 1. Work 8 rows in rib. Proceed as follows:—

Knit 38, turn. Purl 10, turn. Knit 14, turn. Purl 18, turn. Continue in this manner, knitting 4 sts. more on



THESE pilch-knickers and long, garterlike booties carry the approval of Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse. Both designs are easy to knit and can be successfully undertaken by the amateur.

each row until all the sts. are on one needle.

Continue in stocking-stitch until work measures 4½ inches from rib at side edge, then decrease at the beginning and end of every knit row until 34 sts. remain. Increase 1 st. at the beginning and end of every knit row until there are 66 sts. on the needle. Work without shaping for 4½ inches, then work 8 rows in rib of k 1, p 1. Make holes as given in the 5th row, then work 4 rows more in ribbing. Cast off in rib.

Using the No. 12 needles, pick up 76 sts. round the leg and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Cast off in rib. Make another piece in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Join up the side seams and thread the holes at waist with ribbon or cord.

THE BOOTIES

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 48 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 12 rows. Proceed as follows:—

K 30, turn, p 12, turn, k 14, turn, p 16, turn, k 18, turn. Continue in this manner, taking 2 more sts. each row until all the stitches are on one needle. Work in stocking-stitch for 2 inches.

Knit 2 tog. at each end of the needle in the next and every following 6th row until 36 sts. remain and leg measures 5½ in. from ribbing. Proceed as follows:—K 24, turn, p 12, turn.

Continue in stocking-stitch on these 12 sts. for 26 rows. K 2 tog. in every alternate row until 4 sts. remain. Break off the wool. Join in the wool at the instep and pick up 13 sts. along side of flap, knit 4 at the end, pick up 13 sts. down the other side, k 12. Knit 13 rows in stocking-stitch. Knit 2 tog. at the beginning and end and each side of centre 4 sts. in the next and following alternate row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up the seam neatly.

fortuna cloth

Don't Spend—LEND!

Invest in
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
or
WAR LOAN BONDS.

"WHEN will you see her?" The young man was past gratitude.

"I'll go up to the place where she works to-night."

Julie was just finishing work when, to her surprise, she saw Mrs. Bates coming toward her.

"Why, Mum! What are you doing here? Is anything wrong?"

"No, dear. I just thought I'd pop in and see you. Shall we go somewhere and have a cup of coffee?"

They went to a nearby refreshment room and ordered coffee.

"What's on your mind, Mum?" asked Julie, lighting a cigarette. "Do you want my advice on where to go for a permanent wave?"

Only Lent

Continued from page 5

"Now, Julie, you know I don't want any such thing. I just wanted to have a little talk with you about Bennie. We don't get a chance at home when he's round. Are you going to marry him, dear?"

The end of Julie's cigarette glowed with her sharp intake of breath. "I've said so, haven't I?"

It was the first time she had spoken abruptly to Mrs. Bates.

"I know, but you won't name the day, or make any plans about a home. When a girl's serious, she does that, Julie. I don't want Bennie hurt, you know."

"I won't hurt him," answered Julie, savagely crushing out her cigarette. "What's the matter with you, Mum? The thing's settled."

"It's not settled. It won't be settled while you love someone else."

Julie looked straight across at her at that, and her face took on the identical expression that Dr. Bryant's had worn—a look of white, frozen pain. "I love someone else, do I?"

"Yes, Julie, you know you do. And he loves you."

Julie laughed, then suddenly buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Bates reached out and patted her shoulder, and then told her of Dr. Bryant's visit that afternoon, and all that he had said. "He loves you more than Bennie ever could," she added gently.

Julie dabbed her eyes. "Don't you want me in the family, Mum?" she asked, trying to smile.

"Not unless you loved Bennie," averred Mrs. Bates, adding to herself: "Heaven forgive me the lies I'm telling this night."

"Poor old Bennie," sighed Julie. "How will he take it?"

"You leave that to me, dear. It's no use going through with things that aren't right. You're not right for Bennie, and he's not right for you. Edith's the one for him after all."

"All right, then, I'll leave it to you. You know him."

"Yes, I know him," said Mrs. Bates rather dispiritedly.

She glanced up and saw at a table near them a dark haggard-looking young man whose eyes were fastened on hers with humble, intense pleading. She nodded to him and then rose.

At the cash desk near the entrance Mrs. Bates turned and looked back at the table where Julie sat. Dr. Bryant had gone across to her, and Julie had looked up in surprise as she heard a quiet voice speak her name.

After a moment Julie's hand reached up and clung to his.

Mrs. Bates found Bennie preparing to go to bed. He looked rather young and ridiculous in his shorts and singlet. It made it easier for her to tell him.

When she had finished he looked younger than ever, like a disconsolate baby. Mrs. Bates, searching his face, could see no trace of devastating grief, nothing but that almost laughably disconsolate look of a cross, thwarted child.



"B.O." cut her out!

don't let this happen to you

Ever hear the story of the ravishing blonde whom nobody wanted to know? You guessed it—a victim of "B.O." So many people have been made lonely through "B.O." and never realised the cause of their trouble. Why take chances? Be sure of yourself—bathe with Lifebuoy daily. Lifebuoy with its special health element guards personal freshness... yet it's gentle enough for a baby's skin.



FROM HEAD TO TOE IT STOPS "B.O."

A LEVER PRODUCT

W 94.26



"After you, Miss Simpkins"

Some people want Vegemite more urgently than others—they need it for their health's sake, and have trouble in getting it because of the shortage. Even though you like Vegemite on your toast at breakfast time, you wouldn't feel happy if you knew that others needed Vegemite more urgently than you do, but can't get it.

If you are one of those who don't need Vegemite medicinally, then thousands of invalids and babies are asking you to deny yourself of it for the time being; by doing so, you will enable them to regain their health and strength.

For those who need Vegemite MEDICINALLY . . .

If you feel you really need Vegemite medicinally for yourself or any member of your family, then see your local doctor or Baby Health Centre. If your case is urgent, you will be issued with a note to be handed to your grocer. This note will entitle you to first call on his limited supplies of Vegemite.

VEGEMITE





Our medical writer attacks...

Society's attitude to unmarried mothers

● Instead of having to face up to social persecution, the unmarried mother should have all the help and practical sympathy real friends can give her.

By MEDICO

"BUT what will the neighbors say?" said sad-eyed Mrs. Featonby. She had brought her 21-year-old daughter—a bright and intelligent lass—and I had confirmed their fears.

"I know as well as you do what the neighbors will say," I replied, "but I often wonder whether the neighbors realise the effect of their attitude."

Surely the unmarried girl who is facing motherhood has enough to contend with without social persecution being added to her burden.

To have to endure her lone travail without the economic and social support of a husband, to be father and perhaps breadwinner as well as mother, is surely enough handicap for any girl without her finding the world organised against her and her child. Surely she needs all the help and practical sympathy real friends can give her.

Even if there were any justice in society's frowning on the mother, what possible justice could there be in visiting social punishment on the child?

In their attitude to the mother, the disapproving neighbors do one

thing very effectively: They drive the mother-to-be to the dreadful backstairs "surgery." There she may lose her life, or she may leave with a chance of being incapable of motherhood for the rest of her life.

If society's attitude were intelligent, we would encourage early marriage by a better realisation of the defence importance of raising the quality and quantity of Australia's population; by urging the establishment of marriage guidance clinics for young couples; by encouraging public discussion of these problems; by making the raising of children less onerous and more effective by the wider provision of nursery schools and kindergartens; by seeing that the nutritional needs of the "vulnerable groups" were more readily satisfied. (The nutritionally vulnerable groups are the expectant and nursing mother, the young child, and the adolescent.)

It may be said that such an attitude will only encourage young people in wickedness. Well, if personal pleasure is our only ambition, it doesn't matter what the neighbors say, because in that event as a nation we're doomed anyway.

But if the neighbors, by their lives and example, find their happiness in a national ideal of social fulfillment; if they have a vision splendid of Australia peopled by a healthy, happy, united, hard-working, and tolerant Australian population, there will be no danger of encouragement.

That is what I told Mrs. Featonby neighbors should think and say. It represents my attitude, and I am not alone in holding these views.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

BUTTON stay put... Take an old leather glove, cut out a disc the size of a shilling, and place it under material of men's or boys' clothes when sewing on button.

RUST marks on bathroom tiles can be removed by rubbing hard with a strong solution of oxalic acid. Be careful here; rubber or garden gloves, and a cloth on a stick should be used.

I'M wily, and very, very thrifty where stockings are concerned... Have found the following worth while: Carefully clenched fists when hands go in the stocking, rinsing thoroughly after washing, reinforcing heels that show the slightest wear, and using the finest needle when doing cobweb reinforcing at the heels of my new stockings.

BUY your household soap several bars in advance, cut it up, and store in a dry place. Very dry soap will last much longer.



"I do a lot of standing and walking at work. Every night before retiring, I rub Zam-Buk into ankles, insteps and soles. This keeps my feet comfortable and in perfect condition."

—Miss E. French.

"Housework made my feet weary and painful, especially as the day wore on. Zam-Buk enables me to walk in comfort, attend to my housework, and really enjoy my hours of recreation."

—Miss D. Gartoon.

1/6 a jar of all chemists.

ZAM-BUK BRINGS ALL-DAY COMFORT TO BUSY FEET

HAPPY feet—what a boon! And how perfectly easy to attain with the help of Zam-Buk. Feet that bring joy to your walking and improve your health and carriage.

Just follow these simple rules for all-day foot comfort. Each night bathe your feet in warm water. After drying them thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes.

Zam-Buk's refined medicinal oils quickly soothe away foot aches and pains. It's the perfect antiseptic healer for all sore, chafed or tender feet. You'll always get about in comfort if you use Zam-Buk regularly.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

ONION SUCCESS!

● Our Home Gardener tells what kind to sow and how to grow.

ONIONS, it may be said, make most of their leaf-growth during cold weather, and their bulb-growth when the weather warms up. For that reason the seed needs to be sown at once in temperate areas, and seedlings set out in cooler weather.

On the question of variety much depends upon your district. In coastal New South Wales, for instance, Odorless, Early Barletta, Hunter River Brown, White Spanish, Lord Howe Island Red, Silver Skin, and Mammoth White Skin do well.

The soil for onions should be loose and well-drained, but well supplied with humus and highly retentive of moisture. Where possible, especially if it is heavy, it should be dug well in autumn or winter and well supplied with old manure or humus. Early in spring the soil can be worked as fine as possible.

In very cold districts the seed should be sown in warm frames and set out in fine soil in spring.

The rows may be 12in. apart for wheel-hoe culture, or closer for hand-tool work. When planting out onion seedlings, cover the roots only, and firm them thoroughly with the fingers. If the bulbs are deeply planted they will be bull-necked.

EVERY BABE needs the care and love of its mother, as well as the protective love of a father. Cheated of a father's love, the illegitimate babe depends entirely on the love of its mother.

AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

"I'm doing my bit for Australia's war effort, as an approved finish for vital equipment, aircraft, vehicles, etc. It's full-time war service that 'Dulux' is giving, so I can't help you in your 'civilian' job at present."



BALM DULUX

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERSTRES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

BUT—I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER



DE WITT'S PILLS A GREAT HELP FOR

Rheumatism

De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

Full directions with each bottle.



PRICES: 1/9, 3/6, 5/9.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Hands that stir the heart



Many a man's heart has skipped a beat at the touch of smooth, white hands. Make your hands as lovely as you've always wanted them—and do it while you're asleep! Pond's Hand Lotion is so silky-smooth—never the least bit greasy—that you can leave it on your hands all night. Before you go to bed, just sprinkle a few drops onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Soon your hands will become softer, whiter, irresistible. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.



She made some
TARTS

DEFINITELY WORTH IT . . . Crisp, golden crust, generous jam sauce filling, garnish of grapes that add attraction to attraction. Serve these tarts as dinner sweet or for tea-party.

FEATHER-LIGHT hands on the pastry and a subtlety in concocting the fillings—these are "musts" in making luscious tarts like those made by the Queen of Hearts of fairy-tale fame and those given on this page.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly.

REMEMBER the case of the Queen versus the Knave of Hearts . . . Alice, the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare, and the King crying, "Let the jury consider their verdict," and the Queen shouting, "Off with his head!"

"Begin at the beginning," said the King to the White Rabbit, "and go on till you come to the end, then stop." . . . He wasn't talking of these tarts, but he might well have been.

There's something so everyday about jam tarts, but they can be given a fairy-tale quality, too.

APRICOT-GLAZED APPLE TART

Six ounces good shortcrust, 3 cups stewed apple puree (sweetened and flavored with lemon rind and clove), 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, which may be faintly spiced with cinnamon.

Line a deep pie plate, flan tin, or 8in. sandwich tin with the pastry. Glaze with milk or sugar syrup, and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned. Sprinkle crumbs in case. Cover with the apple puree. Spoon apricot jam evenly over top and return to oven for a few minutes. Serve hot or cold.

CARAMEL CUSTARD TART

Six ounces good shortcrust, 1 pint

milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons caramelized sugar.

Line deep tart plate, flan tin or sandwich tin with pastry. Glaze bottom thickly with egg-white. Beat eggs and sugar and spice well. Stir in the caramel and then the warmed milk. Pour into pastry case gently and evenly. Cook in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce the heat of the oven to moderate (325 deg. F.) and cook a further 30 minutes.

FRANGIPANI CREAM TART

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup biscuit or cake crumbs, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, few drops vanilla, 1 cup fruit (such as grated apple), shredded pineapple, sliced banana, with passion-fruit or fruit salad, 3 tablespoons sugar and pinch salt for meringue.

Line tart plate with pastry and cover bottom with fruit. Warm milk, add biscuit crumbs and 1 tablespoon sugar, and beat in egg-yolks, and cook over boiling water for few minutes. Add vanilla. Pour over fruit. Place in hot oven (425 deg. F.), and bake for 10 minutes, reduce heat (325 deg. F.) and cook for further 15 minutes. Cover with meringue, made from egg-whites whipped until stiff with remainder of sugar. Bake in slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the meringue is crisp and set.

APPLE CHEESE TARTS

Four ounces good shortcrust, 1½oz. butter or substitute, 1½oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. self-raising flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk, 1 cup apple puree, 1½ tablespoons grated cheese.

Line patty tins with pastry and place spoonful of apple puree in each. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg and sifted flour, mixing to a smooth, thick batter with milk. Spoon this mixture on apple puree. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Remove from oven, sprinkle with cheese, and return to oven for 2 minutes.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. good beef dripping, squeeze of lemon juice (or 1 teaspoon vinegar), 1 tablespoon sugar (for sweet pastry), cold water (about 1 cup).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in dripping until like fine bread-crumbs, using tips of fingers. Add sugar. Mix to a light, dry dough quickly with cold water and lemon juice. Turn on to lightly floured board and roll thinly.

For a light, crisp pastry, handle as little as possible, keep cold, bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.).

ORANGE SPONGE TART

Four ounces shortcrust, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon

orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1½ tablespoons sugar.

Line deep tart case or sandwich tin with pastry. Blend the flour with a little of the cold milk. Add beaten eggs, sugar, orange juice and rind, and remainder of the milk. Warm and pour gently into the pastry case. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook further 25 minutes.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT TARTS

Four ounces good shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2oz. dark chocolate, 1 cup mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, currants), 1 teaspoon chopped preserved ginger, 3 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon butter, chopped nuts (if available).

Line patty tins with pastry and bake until crisp and light brown. Grate chocolate and melt over boiling water. Combine chocolate, fruit, ginger, honey and butter, bring to boil, and beat well. Spoon the chocolate fruit filling into the pastry cases. Chopped nuts may be sprinkled on top.

LEMON CHIFFON TART

Six ounces good shortcrust pastry (slightly sweetened), or biscuit pastry, 1/3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 1/3rd cup lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar for egg-whites.

Cook a pastry case and allow to cool. Soften the gelatine in cold water. Mix lemon juice and 1/3rd cup sugar, beat in the egg-yolks, and cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens slightly. Stir in the gelatine and lemon rind, and beat until the gelatine has dissolved. Set aside to cool, and when the mixture begins to thicken fold in the egg-whites, which have been beaten stiffly with the 1 cup sugar. Pour into the pastry case and chill thoroughly.



DEEP JAM SAUCE TARTS

Six ounces good shortcrust pastry (sweetened slightly and faintly flavored with lemon rind), 1 cup jam, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Line patty tins with pastry and glaze with milk or a syrup of sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) until crisp and brown, about 7 minutes. Heat jam and water and stir in cornflour blended to a thin paste with a little cold water. Simmer 3 minutes. Fill patty cases with jam sauce.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE TARTLETS

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon grated chocolate or cocoa, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg-whites, and 4oz. sugar for meringue.

Line small patty tins with pastry, and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Dissolve the cocoa or chocolate in milk. Mix the cornflour to a smooth paste with little cold water, and add to the milk, beating well; add sugar, and cook for 3 or 4 minutes, stirring all the time. While hot add the egg-yolks and butter; as the mixture cools, add the vanilla. Fill the cooked patty cases with the mixture. Make a meringue with the egg-whites and sugar, and pile roughly on the tarts. Place in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the meringue is set and lightly browned.

Have you tried?

Apple flapjacks . . . grated apple and lemon rind mixed into a thick flour batter, cooked in spoonfuls on a greased griddle, turning to brown. Serve with honey or marmalade.

Apple rings, dipped in milk, coated with grated cheese, and toasted or fried, served with baked rabbit.

Little crisp pastry-cases, filled with apple puree, headed with shreds of orange peel, sprinkled with chopped nuts when available.

Crisp pastry squares, dusted with sugar and cinnamon, served on spoonfuls of apple sauce, icy cold or piping hot.

Cabbage and apple coleslaw . . . a salad with crisp, shredded cabbage mixed with diced apple, a little onion, and salad dressing. Good with cold beef.

Apple rings, coated with egg and breadcrumbs, fried and served with a mixed grill.

Pork sausage cakes, fried and topped with apple sauce . . . piping hot.

Wives who do double duty cheer work-saving RINSO!

I HATE TO THINK OF YOU DOING A BIG WASH AFTER HELPING ME OUTSIDE

I DON'T MIND IT, NOW. IT WAS THOSE OLD-FASHIONED SCRUB SOAPS THAT USED TO GET ME DOWN. RINSO'S RICHER, THICKER GUDS SHIFT GRIME SO EASILY...

THERE! THE WHITES ARE SIMPLY DAZZLING—COLOURED'S REALLY SPARKLE AND I DIDN'T SCRUB AT ALL

WOW! FAST WORK, HONEY, THOSE PERKY RINSO GUDS SURE DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

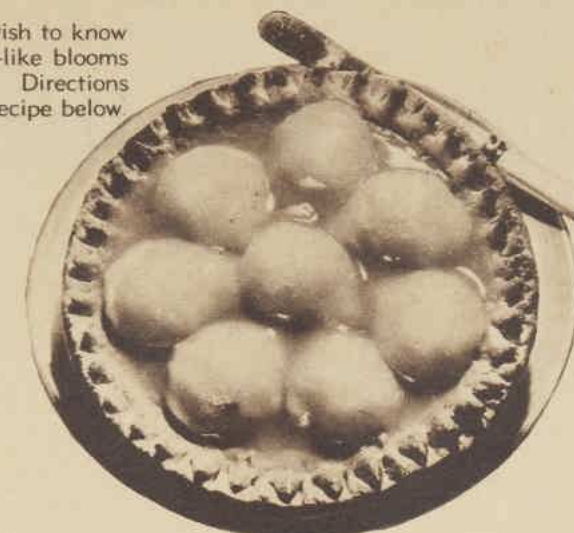
Novelty basket cake wins prize

• All those readers who wish to know how to make gay, garden-like blooms from hot bread can do so. Directions are given in basket cake recipe below.

JHE other recipes from readers are excellent. When you have a little butter to spare, do try the shortbread fingers. They're positively delicious.

CELEBRATION BASKET CAKE (Decorated with hand-made flowers.)

Make a light fruit, marble, sponge, or plain cake in an oblong baking dish. The cake need only be three inches deep when cooked. Turn out and place on the upturned tin. Spread icing (made by mixing sifted icing sugar with water in which 1 teaspoon of gelatine has been dissolved to 1 cup of water and cooled). Color a light fawn with parisian essence and yellow coloring, and ice top and sides of cake, and sides of the tin, which gives the appearance of a much larger cake. Color the remaining icing a much deeper shade, and pipe lattice lines on sides



of leed cake and tin. On top of cake pipe suitable greetings and three or four rows of icing round edge to represent basket edge.

The handle is made with fine wire, with maidenhair, asparagus, or similar fern trails and a bow of ribbon.

For the flowers you will need half sandwich loaf—hot from the oven (or day-old bread can be re-conditioned by holding under the tap for a second, then heating in hot oven, with dish of boiling water on shelf below, for 25 minutes). You will also require some oddments of florist's wire; green wool for stems.

To Make Flowers: Wrap hot bread in damp tea-towel. Pull 2 table-spoons of the hot bread from centre of loaf and work this in slightly damp hands until like plasticine. Add a little pink cooking color. Repeat process with other bread and color yellow, green, violet, blue. Work colors well into bread, then wrap in a damp cloth to keep moist while working.

For the roses, pinch off a piece of bread the size of a pea, flatten out between thumb and first finger, roll up the petal from one end for the centre, then add three or four petals, pressing well at the base on to the wire stalk. Lay each rose as finished on clean plate or board, stand in sunny position, and they will rapidly dry. At most it takes 24 hours indoors (never in oven) to

dry. For Tallman roses a pinch of the deep pink dough worked streakily into yellow gives a pretty effect. When dry you can tint with child's water paints if you have no cooking colors.

For asters, pinch off a piece of bread size of a marble, press out flat to size of 2/- piece on plate. With pocket-knife cut 16 slits from edge to within one-eighth inch of centre, lift from plate, and pinch ends of each section between the thumb and finger to form a petal shape. Add a pin's head of yellow to centre, and press on to wire stalk. Stand in a vase to dry.

Pandies, lilies, forget-me-nots, and poppies keep indefinitely, and are very easy to make. Leaves are cut out with penknife, and veins marked with back of knife pressed on leaf.

Now decorate your cake with these flowers, using maidenhair, asparagus, or similar for green foliage. This economical novelty cake is suitable for a Mother's Day celebration, birthday or engagement party, or even a wedding cake.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. N. Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove.

SHORTBREAD FINGERS

Cream together in a basin 3 cup butter, 1 heaped tablespoon icing sugar, 1½ cups flour, 2½ heaped desertspoons cornflour, level desertspoon baking powder.

Make into a very stiff dough, put through biscuit-roller, using the diamond shape.

Put on to cold oven tray, full length, and bake a very pale color. Cut into fingers when cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. B. Trueman, Forest Lodge, The Glen, via Tombarumba, N.S.W.

APPLE AND CHEESE FRITTERS

Beat 1 egg well with 1 cup milk. Sift in 1 cup of self-raising flour, pinch salt, beat thoroughly. Add 1 cup grated cheese and apple. Make dripping hot in a frying-pan. Drop

HOW TO PREVENT BREAST COMPLICATIONS

By SISTER MARY JACOB.

MANY young mothers have failed to make a success of natural feeding because certain painful conditions have arisen early in the nursing period.

In some cases the babe has to be weaned in the first month or two, and is thus deprived of the food that is its birthright.

Such conditions as cracked nipples and breast abscesses could be prevented if proper pre-natal and post-natal care were observed, and if there were some knowledge of the technique and management of natural feeding.

A leaflet dealing with the prevention of these complications has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4082W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open at the Sydney offices of The Australian Women's Weekly for interviews and practical demonstrations on Tuesday and Friday of each week.



THIS is a picture of the prize novelty celebration cake decorated with flowers (made from bread) and greenery. See directions for making on this page. **AT LEFT:** Pear tart. Pears are cut in half, stewed carefully, and lifted into cooked flan case. Arrowroot and a little pink coloring are added to juice, then poured over pears... Quick, easy way.

mixture into this in desertspoons. Fry a golden brown. Drain and serve hot with a sprinkle of sugar and lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. O. Winkley, 28 King St., Enfield, N.S.W.

MOULDED SHEEP'S TONGUES

Boil 6 sheep's tongues till tender, when they should skin easily. Cut in half, lengthwise, and trim off any roughness. Line a basin with slices of beetroot and hard-boiled egg (may be omitted). Arrange

tongues firmly on top of eggs and beetroot. Take 2 cups of liquor in which the tongues have been boiled, flavor with a little thyme, marjoram, parsley, or mixed herbs, and dissolve 2 desertspoons gelatine in it. Pour liquid gently over tongues, and put a saucer or small plate on top to prevent them floating. When set, turn on to a plate and garnish with shredded lettuce and shreds of carrot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Marjorie Wallis, Bassett, Vermont St., Sutherland, N.S.W.

ATTRACTIVE DESSERTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY WITH HANSEN'S

Wise housewives to-day plan simple, wholesome meals for the family's health... using **MILK** in the form of easily digested, delicious **HANSEN'S JUNKET**. You can make junket extra attractive by coloring and flavoring, so that Hansen's becomes the ALL-the-year-round dessert for ALL the family.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

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HEINZ 57 BEEFSTEAK SAUCE

— on the Table —
— in Cooking —

A sauce which gives zest to all kinds of hot or cold meals, sandwiches, salads, etc.; also for fish and other sea foods. A delicious combination of choice tropical and domestic fruits, vegetables and spices, skillfully blended and mellowed with age.

With condiments scarce it is a doubly valuable addition to the larder—try it on the table and in cooking. Ask your grocer for a bottle to-day.

HEINZ 57 BEEFSTEAK SAUCE

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

Recipe for saving
BOVRIL
A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Just a touch of Bovril makes a wonderful improvement to the flavour of your dishes and enriches their goodness. War-time difficulties are making Bovril scarce at present, so remember that it is highly concentrated and use it with scrupulous economy. This will help you over any period when you may not be able to get it.

No Medals for Mother



Her cares are many,
her tasks beyond number.
Every hour, every minute
She is on duty—
She sees the children
off to school.
She makes the meals,
She makes the beds—
and the 'planes!
Sees to the laundry
and the lathe.
Fills the shells—
and the shopping basket,
a tiring business
these days.
Cuts sandwiches
for her man
going on night duty—
and wakes at once
if her child
cries in the night.
Tired yet tireless,
She holds the fort
of the family;
the citadel
of the hearth.
She has no medals,
only the pride
of working and striving
beside her menfolk
in a great enterprise—
to save the homes
and the children
of all the world.

★ ★ ★ ★

The women of Australia are making
great contributions to the war effort—
not least of these is what they are
doing for Savings.

Save for Victory

Buy War Savings Certificates and 5/- National Savings Stamps

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